

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1. Gil Blas, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	323
2. Hopes and Fears. Chap. 5, . . . . .	<i>Author of Heir of Redclyffe,</i>	327
3. Ladies and Gentlemen, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	337
4. The Vicar of Lyssel, . . . . .	<i>Constitutional Press,</i>	340
5. The Leech-Merchant of Marash, . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	353
6. Walter Savage Landor, . . . . .	<i>Everybody's Journal,</i>	357
7. The Mothers of Great Men, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	360
8. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	363
9. The Rosetta Stone, . . . . .	<i>N. Y. Evening Post,</i>	365
10. Tale of Two Cities—Charles Dickens, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	366
11. Austria Moribunda, . . . . .	" "	370
12. The Pope and the Congress, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	371
13. The Suez Canal, . . . . .	" "	373
14. Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	375

POETRY.—The Path Through the Corn, 322. Cupid upon Blackstone, 322. The Future, 322. The Little Girl's Song, 384. Dream-Life, 384.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Wasp, 326. Purkess or Purkis Family, 326. One Human Speech only before the Flood without Error, 326. Altar-Tomb used as a Communion Table, 326. James Bannon's daughter, at Lawrence, 336. Toads and their Skins, 339. Horse Racing, 356. The Lapps and Norwegians, 359. Applications of Silica, 362. Arrangements for the Funeral of Lord Macaulay, 364. Complete Works of Lord Bacon, 364. "Hardware Song," 364. The Morocco Refugees, 364. Richmond and its Maids of Honor, 374. Statistics of Letters sent by Post, 374. The Unburied Ambassadors, 374. Kentish Long-tails, 374. Macaulay's Answer to the charge of Opium-eating, 383.

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## THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

WAVY and bright in the summer air—  
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,  
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled  
The green highway to an unknown world—  
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,  
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;  
Who feels forlorn,  
Wandering thus on the path through the corn †

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay  
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray:  
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird  
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;  
Only at eve the pallid snow  
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow:  
Till, one blest morn,  
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,  
It bent its head to the winter gale,  
Harkened the wren's soft note of cheer,  
Scarcely believing spring was near;  
Saw chestnuts bud out, and champions blow,  
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,  
Where it was born,  
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,  
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,  
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,  
Then, just in reach of a child's wee hand,  
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,  
With the voice of the harvest in its song,  
While in fond scorn  
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,  
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,  
No more than of life's strange paths we know  
Whither they lead us, or why we go,  
Or whether our eyes shall ever see  
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.  
Yet, who is forlorn?  
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

## CUPID UPON BLACKSTONE.

My neighbor's house hath sloping eaves,  
And where the rafters intersect,  
Whene'er she wills, a swallow weaves  
Her nest—a daring architect!  
My neighbor with his lawyer's eye,  
Long time ago the trespass saw,  
But knew an action would not lie:  
Possession is nine points of law.

Beneath those eaves rose-clusters frame  
The sweet dream picture of a maid,  
At hours, as when this morn she came,  
Drawing aside her lattice shade,  
To feed her swallows,—smile on me;  
Oh, till that moment when she stands  
Alms-dropping, how we yearn to see—  
I and those birds—her lips and hands!

Beneath the eaves of her pure breast,  
Trespassing on its still domain,  
My images dares to make its nest;  
How could it ever entrance gain †

Amid such alien innocence  
How must it dwell in restless awe!  
O swallow! cheer my troubled sense!  
Possession is nine points of law

Be all my fortunes fair as thine!  
The careful eye that doubtless sees  
Thy trespass must discover mine:  
That dragon of the Hesperides,  
The lawyer watching o'er his ward,  
Has lost one talon of his claw,  
And yet may find his action barr'd:  
Possession is nine points of law.

—Titan. H. G. H.

## THE FUTURE.

THE drop that falls unnoted in the stream,  
Prattling in childhood on its native hill;  
The stream that must leave home, and travel far  
Over rough ways, with torn feet and no rest,  
Changing its voice, and then, in calmer flow,  
Sobered by dreams of the eternal sea,  
Pass with wide water, trembling in its depths,  
To the great ocean, like a soul to Heaven,  
And bear the drop to rest, and roam no more.

For me, a life that only late set out,  
In weakness, as a swallow from the nest,  
On its long journey to the land unknown,  
That, gaining strength, must pass through stony  
ways,  
Be lashed of storms, and oftentimes, in thick gloom,  
Lose sight of what it prized, yet with the hope  
That all its blighted loves and treasures lost  
Are taken of the wind like winged seeds,  
And sown by angels in the better land,  
Where this tired life shall rest, and find them  
grown.

The beam that, distant yet, but on its way  
Intent, past systems, over comet-tracks,  
Comes like a pilgrim with an offering,  
And through the pure space to the misty world  
Brings the faint greeting of a star unknown.

For me, the light feet, not yet heard on earth,  
That move toward me from the better land,  
And, though unheeded, shall complete their  
work,

And, like the morning sunburst breaking nigh,  
When my heart faints, and all my life is dark,  
Step from the cloud bearing the gift of Heaven,  
Sweet face and tender hands to comfort me.

The poet that shall come in the world's need  
And lead men to the light, and teach them truth,  
And win them by the wonder of his words,  
Till true be known for true, and false for false,  
And build the many-colored bow of thought  
In sight above their heads, and, in the end,  
From his gold cup shall so enrich the world  
That men shall lavish blessings on his grave.

For me the angel that shall take my hand,  
When winds are ceasing, and my work is done,  
And, like a king leading a beggar child,  
Shall open death and lead me through the veil,  
And gently guide me, dazzled with the light,  
Till my hand rests on all that I have lost.

—All The Year Round.

From The Saturday Review.

GIL BLAS.\*

SMOLLET's translation of *Gil Blas* is certainly an exception to the common rule, that translations of all kinds, and especially translations of novels, are altogether unreadable. It is very far indeed from being equivalent to the original, but it is a vigorous, lively version of it. No two styles, indeed, can be more unlike than those of Lesage and Smollett; but though the translation differs widely from the original, it has the great merit of having a character of its own instead of being a mere imitation.

*Gil Blas* itself is a book which forms a sort of landmark in literary history. We will not undertake to say whether it is really the earliest of the modern school of novels, but it is certainly one of the first, and as certainly one of the most remarkable, of that innumerable multitude. To appreciate its full significance it is necessary to remember the circumstances of the time and place at which it was written—that is to say, France in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. It had been the work of the lifetime of that sovereign to do, upon a grand and courtly scale, what the present emperor of the French is trying to do in a vulgar and utterly unimposing manner. He first formed and attempted to reduce to practice that conception of the objects and character of national existence which has ever since haunted the rulers of France. In his view, the whole nation was to form a sort of vast homogeneous body, of which the king was, as contemporary Frenchmen would say, the last expression, whilst every other member of the state, in its own place and degree, embodied and represented the highest amount of knowledge, skill, and efficiency in the arts appropriate to its special duties. The church, the courts of law, the academy, the army, the corporate trades, and every other established pursuit or profession, were each understood to possess and embody orthodoxy in their respective departments; and the suggestion that they could be set right by any private person who was not their organ was considered as a sort of high treason against that vast whole of which they were parts. To many minds, society thus put, as it were, in

full dress, and regulating by its omniscience and omnipotence every branch of human affairs, is a very imposing spectacle. To others it presents a most ludicrous appearance. The practice of each particular organ of the immense body will, of course, fall far short of what is required by the theory. Courts of law will often fail to do justice; physicians will kill instead of curing; and ascetic piety will frequently be a mere mask for sensuality. Those who dwell exclusively on the contrast between these shortcomings and the lofty claims which they contradict, will come to look upon the whole organization of society as an elaborate imposture, and will feel that the proper object of literature is to expose it to the contempt of mankind.

It would perhaps be impossible to point to any one who has done this so well as Lesage. His book is infinitely the most effective of all sermons on the text that all is vanity. Nothing can exceed either the art or the life and grace with which this lesson is brought out. *Gil Blas* starts as a mere raw lad, sent out to seek his fortune; and by successive steps he rises to be the confidant of the prime minister, and one of the most influential men in Spain. In the interval, he passes through almost every stage of life, gradually winding his way from the condition of a valet to that of a secretary, and from the service of private gentlemen to that of the prime minister. This career brings him into connection with people of almost every condition, whom he sees as they are, and not as they claim to be; and the suggestion at every step is that there is no such thing in the world as substance—that all is a show, and a very bad one. The doctors are little better than murderers—the lawyers are licensed robbers—the clergy never practise what they preach. The ministers of state are miserable pandars and parasites, who are in a position to revenge themselves for humiliations which they suffer from the king by an insolent and overbearing demeanor to their inferiors. Lastly, the king himself is a wretched puppet in the hands of his ministers, pretending to govern the country, but in reality passing his life in signing his name to papers which he never reads, and in gossiping over frivolous scandal with which he has no real connection whatever.

Lesage was neither the first nor the last preacher of this kind of doctrine, but he preached it in a manner which was very re-

\* *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane*. Translated from the French of Lesage by Tobias Smollett. H. G. Bohn. 1869.

markable in more ways than one. He was a thoroughly consistent despiiser of mankind. He did not, like modern writers who have to some extent followed his example, think it necessary to reform the world as well as to caricature it. The approved practice in our own time is for novelists to set forth the utter hollowness and baseness of the society in which they live, subject always to the reserve that they themselves and their particular clique are paragons of virtue, and that the world has nothing to do but to wash according to their prescription, and be clean at once. Hence comes the brood of literary reformers and sentimental improvers of the species, who mix their spite and their sermons in proportions which make perhaps the most nauseous of all compounds. *Gil Blas* is perfectly free from this fault. The hero has not the least notion of reforming society; and it does not even appear that he is scandalized by its iniquities. He takes his full share in all that is going on without the slightest repugnance, and is himself as little affected either by morality or by any notion of duty as any of the persons whom he represents. There is much force and propriety in this view of the character of a man who despises and sees through the world in which he lives. The legitimate inference from a universal contempt for society is indifference to every thing beyond personal gratification and advancement. Before a man can believe that the world is out of joint, and that he is born to set it right, he must believe that it has a framework of some sort. *Gil Blas* lives in entire ignorance of any thing of the kind. He simply takes things as he finds them, with infinite reliash and power of enjoyment, and neither tries to make them better nor appears to have any conception that they could ever be improved.

Perhaps the most curious reflection which *Gil Blas* suggests is a comparison between the happiness and the mental vigor of the age which it either describes or caricatures, and our own; and it is certainly hard to say that in either respect the balance is so very decidedly in our favor as we are inclined to believe. A first-rate novel may be taken to give a reasonably fair specimen of the average level of the society which it describes. It may be expected to reproduce with considerable fidelity the sort of incidents to which the author is accustomed, and the level of thought prev-

alent amongst his contemporaries. If this is assumed to be true of *Gil Blas*, it involves a curious consequence. In every generation there are certain leading popular conceptions of life in general which give a color to almost every sort of opinion, and with reference to which, in common cases, ordinary persons estimate the value both of actions and of writings. Thus, in some times and countries, a theological—in others, a political—and in others, possibly an artistic standard is used for the purpose. In our own days, and our own country, a standard of the most curious description is applied with the most implicit and unsuspecting confidence. We almost always estimate the condition of any country or period by reference to what is called progress and civilization. When we hear of an age in which there is little trade, little philanthropy, not much reading and writing, and a corrupt government, we lift up our hands in pity and dismay. We find it hard to conceive that life could be worth having where men were exposed to direct coarse oppression and extortion, or where the government did not in any way concern itself with the moral improvement of the people, or with the promotion of their physical comfort. We have got to consider the whole organization of society as a sort of machinery, intended to produce results which have only been looked upon as possible or distinctly recognized as desirable within a very few generations, and in a very small part of the world. Beyond the limits of western Europe, the results which we understand by progress and civilization are neither desired nor understood; and public feeling towards them was probably in much the same position in Europe two centuries ago. That conception of the functions of society which views it as a sort of body corporate which is ultimately to eliminate from life all avoidable painful elements, is essentially modern, and greatly militates against the older view—which was, that no extensive alterations in the organization of society were desirable, and that a considerable amount of hardship and suffering was incidental to the constitution of society, and must be accepted with resignation as part of the providential training of the human race. It is most curious to observe how the absence of the ideal so familiar to our minds affects the whole temper in which *Gil Blas* views the world in which he lives. The book conveys a most

vivid impression that people who take things as they find them can get on much more comfortably than our usual commonplaces would lead us to believe, and that the standing scandals and abuses of society do not in fact reach so far down into common life as might have been expected. All the main elements of individual and general happiness are independent of the purity with which justice is administered, the efficiency of the police, and the standard of medical skill. The moral of *Gil Blas* is that mankind are in a thousand ways contemptible, but not that they are unhappy. The various characters represented appear to live out their time with great satisfaction, and to be as much occupied and interested with their various avocations as if all the circumstances of their lives had been far more judiciously arranged than was the case in point of fact. The trouble of convincing people that certain things will make them happy on scientific principles, and of getting the materials together when their nature and fitness for their purpose are scientifically ascertained, is so great as to constitute a very serious deduction indeed from the total amount of happiness which the materials, when they are at last provided, do in fact produce. In addition to this, it must be remembered that the reforming and civilizing habit of mind must of necessity fix the attention of those who are possessed by it upon the defects and discomforts of their position. When a child complains of having a headache, or of being thirsty or tired, a judicious parent will usually tell it that it is not of the least consequence, and must not be attended to; and the evil, such as it is, is endured and forgotten. The whole temper of philanthropy, as we practise it, is quite opposed to this. "Never put up with anything that you do not like, if you can possibly help it," is the first and great article of its creed; and the consequence is that people get into the habit of constantly fixing their attention upon the misfortunes and defects of their condition. It is true that the object of this is reformation; but it is not the less true that the proximate result is to increase the sensibility of mankind to external evils.

It is impossible not to feel a certain sort of envy for the perfect indifference with which all the characters in *Gil Blas* not only witness, but undergo, every sort of oppression and imposture. The simplicity with which

they put up with what they cannot help, or suppose themselves to be unable to help, resembles nothing so much as the acquiescence of the mass of boys at a great public school in rules of the school which are neither reasonable nor pleasant. To the personages of the novel it would seem that to live in a corrupt society under an oppressive government, in the midst of all manner of cheating and quackery, was simply an unpleasant item in life—a deduction from conveniences which might otherwise be enjoyed, and not, as it would appear to people in this age and country, a sort of inversion of right and wrong, making life insupportable, and depriving it of all its value. Whether we look at it as a question of happiness or of wisdom, there is a great deal to be learnt from this. Every one is unhappily familiar with the commonplaces by which we usually illustrate and maintain the current view as to the dignity of philanthropic and reforming pursuits; but it is of the highest importance to remember that no reform can change a radically bad thing into a good one. That which makes life happy and desirable is its substance, and not its accidents. It is in the discharge of the essential parts of the great cardinal functions of human life and society that real happiness is to be found, not in their discharge in any particular manner. Even when every department of life was far more out of joint than any one of its departments is at present, people could live to very good purpose, and could think and express their thoughts upon every sort of subject with at least as much power and vivacity as at present, if not with more. It is impossible to read *Gil Blas* without feeling that, if Lesage had written in the nineteenth instead of the seventeenth century, he would have been able to add little to the knowledge of the world displayed by his characters, very little to their wisdom, and nothing at all to their general ability. This deserves much more extended and impartial attention than the pompous vanity of modern civilization is at all inclined to bestow upon it.

It is no doubt to the extraordinary literary merits of *Gil Blas* that its lasting popularity has been principally owing. It is perhaps the most perfect of all existing models of the peculiar class of literature to which it belongs. The story, long as it is, has a regular, orderly scheme, which is developed with

the most perfect skill from first to last; and it is characterized throughout by that quality of style—it should perhaps be said of thought—which the French call *esprit*, and which lies half-way between the two qualities which we denominate wit and humor. The essence of humor is the consistent adherence to a personal standard of men and things. A man of melancholy humor sees in a wedding an occasion for mourning—a man of lively, whimsical humor makes jokes at a funeral.

If the general temper of a considerable number of persons, and not the individual temper of a particular man, is taken as the common measure to which all things are to be reduced, the result is *esprit*. Throughout the whole of *Gil Blas* there is little originality, and not much individual character; but every sentence of the book expresses just the sentiment which the scenes described would suggest to the sceptical section of the society for which the book was intended.

"THE WASP."—In musical literature I often find songs with the name of the composer of the melody, but without any mention of the author of the words. In a music book in my possession is a canzonet, which a relation of mine heard Bartleman sing nearly half a century ago, the author of which perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to communicate. It is set by Spofforth, and is called

"THE WASP.

"Why shun the wasp that round thee flies?  
The harmless insect merely seeks,  
Lady, to bask beneath thine eyes,—  
To taste the roses on thy cheeks.

"Attracted by thy fragrant breath,  
It only comes its sweets to sip;—  
And, tho' perhaps to meet its death,  
To drink the dew upon thy lip.

"And on that lip,—ah, trifling pain!—  
Should it to leave its weapon dare,  
The useful sting would still remain  
To punish rash intruders there."

"The Bee" would, to my thinking, have been more elegant than "the Wasp;" but I presume the author would tell me the song was founded on fact."—*Notes and Queries*.

PURKISS OR PURKIS FAMILY.—Whilst staying lately in the neighborhood of the New Forest, I heard a strange account of the family of Purkis. Many of your readers are aware that it was a man of this name, a charcoal burner of the parish of Minstead, who found the body of King William II. on Aug. 2, 1100, and conveyed it in his cart to Winchester. I am told that the representatives of this man still occupy the same ground as their historical ancestors, and what is more extraordinary have preserved the same station of life, neither advancing in circumstances, nor lapsing into absolute poverty, during the seven centuries and a half which have elapsed since first we hear of them.

This account, I believe is thoroughly credited in the New Forest district; but, with an unbounded respect for the truth of tradition, I

should be glad to learn if the matter is well known, has been thoroughly investigated, or satisfactorily proved.—*Notes and Queries*.

ONE HUMAN SPEECH ONLY BEFORE THE FLOOD WITHOUT ERROR.—Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors* (lib. i. c. 2), says, "There is but one speech delivered before the flood by man, wherein there is not an erroneous conception."

Dr. John Edwards in his sermon (p. 5.) on Pilate's question, "What is truth?" asks, "Doth not error bear date from Adam?" and admits that he has not examined whether this assertion of that eminent Christian moralist were true; but that it is certain that mistake and falsehood entered the world betimes.

May not this proposition of the author of *Religio Medici* refer to the metrical speech of Lamech on the birth of his son \* Noah (Gen. v. 29.), which Dr. Pye Smith has rendered both faithfully and poetically. The sacred historian relates that "He called his name No-ah," saying:—

"This shall comfort us

From our labor

And from the sorrowing toils of our hands;

Because of the ground

Which Jehovah hath cursed."

It is also exactly prophetic of Noah the deliverer.—*Notes and Queries*.

\*  $\text{נֹחַ}$  No-ah, rest, comfort, consolation.

ALTAR-TOMB USED AS A COMMUNION TABLE.

—At Paston, Norfolk, a large, marble raised tomb of the sixteenth century occupies the situation of and is used as a communion table. The cornice at one end has been cut away, apparently to make it fit into the central compartments of a modern stone reredos. I know that before the Reformation altar-tombs were sometimes consecrated and used as altars, but this is the only instance I have met with of a similar adaptation in more recent times.—*Notes and Queries*.

CHAPTER V.

"Too soon the happy child  
His nook of heavenward thought must change  
For life's seducing wild."—CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE summer sun peeped through the Venetian blinds, greenly shading the breakfast table.

Only three sides were occupied. For more than two years past good Miss Wells had been lying under the shade of Hiltonbury church, taking with her Honora Charlecote's last semblance of the dependance and deference of her young ladyhood. The kind governess had been fondly mourned, but she had not left her child to loneliness, for the brother and sister sat on either side, each with a particular pet—Lucilla's, a large pointer, who kept his nose on her knee; Owen's, a white, fantailed pigeon, seldom long absent from his shoulder, where it sat, proudly erecting its graceful head.

Lucilla, now nearly fourteen, looked younger from the unusual smallness of her stature, and the exceeding delicacy of her features and complexion, and she would never have been imagined to be two years the senior of the handsome-faced, large-limbed young Saxon who had so far outstripped her in height; and yet there was something in those deep blue eyes, that, on a second glance, proclaimed a keen intelligence as much above her age as her appearance was below it.

"What's the matter?" said she, rather suddenly.

"Yes, sweetest Honey," added the boy, "you look bothered. Is that rascal not paying his rent?"

"No!" she said; "it is a different matter, entirely. What do you think of an invitation to Castle Blanch?"

"For us all?" asked Owen.

"Yes, all, to meet your Uncle Christopher, the last week in August."

"Why can't he come here?" asked Lucilla.

"I believe we must go," said Honora. "You ought to know both your uncles, and they should be consulted before Owen goes to school."

"I wonder if they will examine me," said Owen. "How they will stare to find Sweet Honey's teaching as good as all their preparatory schools!"

"Conceited boy!"

"I'm not conceited—only in my teacher.

Mr. Henderson said I should take as good a place as Robert Fulmort did at Winchester, after four years in that humbugging place!"

"We can't go!" cried Lucilla. "It's the last week of Robin's holidays!"

"Well done, Lucy!" and both Honor and Owen laughed heartily.

"It is nothing to me," said she, tossing her head, "only I thought Cousin Honor thought it good for him."

"You may stay at home to do him good," laughed Owen; "I'm sure I don't want him. You are very welcome, such a bore as he is."

"Now, Owen!"

"Honey, dear, I do take my solemn affidavit that I have tried my utmost to be friends with him," said Owen; "but he is such a fellow—never has the least notion beyond Winchester routine—Latin and Greek, cricket and football."

"You'll soon be a schoolboy yourself," said Lucilla.

"Then I sha'n't make such an ass of myself," returned Owen.

"Robin is a very good boy, I believe," said Honor.

"That's the worst of him!" cried Lucilla, running away and clapping the door after her as she went.

"Well, I don't know," said Owen, very seriously, "he says he does not care about the Saint's days, because he has no one to get him leave out."

"I remember," said Honor, with a sweet smile of tender memory, "when to me the merit of Saint's days was that they were your father's holidays."

"Yes, you'll send me to Westminster, and be always coming to Woolstone Lane," said Owen.

"Your uncles must decide," she said, half mournfully, half proudly; "you are getting to be a big boy—past me, Oney."

It brought her a roughly playful caress, and he added, "You've got the best right, I'm sure."

"I had thought of Winchester," she said "Robert would be a friend."

Owen made a face, and caused her to laugh, while scandalizing her by humming, "Not there, not there, my child."

"Well, be it where it may, you had better look over your Virgil, while I go down to my practical georgics with Brooks."

Owen obeyed. He was like a spirited

horse in a leash of silk. Strong, fearless, and manly, he was still perfectly amenable to her, and had never shown any impatience of her rule. She had taught him entirely herself, and both working together with a thorough good-will, she had rendered him a better classical scholar, as all judges allowed, than most boys of the same age, and far superior to them in general cultivation; and she should be proud to convince Captain Charteris that she had not made him the molly-coddle that was obviously anticipated. The other relatives, who had seen the children in their yearly visits to London, had always expressed unqualified satisfaction, though not advancing much in the good graces of Lucy and Owen. But Honor thought the public school ought to be left to the selection of the two uncles, though she wished to be answerable for the expense, both there and at the university. The provision inherited by her charges was very slender, for, contrary to all expectation, old Mr. Sandbrook's property had descended in another quarter, and there was barely £5,000 between the two. To preserve this untouched by the expenses of education was Honora's object, and she hoped to be able to smooth their path in life by occasional assistance, but on principle she was determined to make them independent of her, and she had always made it known that she regarded it as her duty to Humfrey, that her Hiltonbury property should be destined—if not to the apocryphal American Charlecote—to a relation of their mutual great-grandmother.

Cold invitations had been given and declined, but this one was evidently in earnest, and the consideration of the captain decided Honora on accepting it, but not without much murmuring from Lucilla. Caroline and Horatia were detestable grown-up young ladies; her aunt was horrid; Castle Blanch was the slowest place in the world; she should be shut up in some abominable schoolroom, to do fancy-work, and never to get a bit of fun. Even the being reminded of Wrapworth and its associations only made her more cross. She was of a nature to fly from thought or feeling—she was keen to perceive, but hated reflection, and from the very violence of her feelings, she unconsciously abhorred any awakening of them, and steeled herself by levity.

Her distaste only gave way in Robert's presence, when she appeared highly gratified

by the change, certain that Castle Blanch would be charming, and her cousin the Life-guardsmen especially so. The more disconsolate she saw Robert, the higher rose her spirits, and his arrival to see the party off sent her away in open triumph, glorifying her whole cousinhood without a civil word to him; but when seated in the carriage, she launched at him a drawing, the favorite work of her leisure hours, broke into unrestrained giggling at his grateful surprise, and, ere the word was past, was almost strangled with sobs.

Castle Blanch was just beyond the suburbs of London, in complete country, but with an immense neighborhood, and not half an hour by train from town. Honora drove all the way, to enjoy the lovely Thames scenery to the full. They passed through Wrapworth, and as they did so, Lucilla chattered to the utmost, while Honora stole her hand over Owen's and gently pressed it. He returned the squeeze with interest, and looked up in her face with a loving smile—mother and home were not wanting to him!

About two miles further on, and not in the same parish, began the Castle Blanch demesne. The park sloped down to the Thames, and was handsome, and quite full of timber, and the mansion, as the name imported, had been built in the height of pseudo-Gothic, with a formidable keep-looking tower at each corner, but the fortification below consisting of glass, the sham cloister, likewise glass windows, for drawing-room, music-room, and conservatory, and jutting out, far in advance, a great embattled gateway, with a sham portcullis, and doors fit to defy an army.

Three men servants met the guests in the hall, and Mrs. Charteris received them in the drawing-room, with the woman-of-the-world tact that Honora particularly hated—there was always such deference to Miss Charlecote, and such an assumption of affection for the children, and gratitude for her care of them, and Miss Charlecote had not been an heiress early enough in life for such attentions to seem matters of course.

It was explained that there was no school-room at present, and as a girl of Lucilla's age, who was already a guest, joined the rest of the party at dinner, it was proposed that she and her brother should do the same, provided Miss Charlecote did not object. Honor was really glad of the gratification for Lu-

cilla, and Mrs. Charteris agreed with her before she had time to express her opinion as to girls being kept back or brought forward.

Honor found herself lodged in great state, in a world of looking-glass, that had perfectly scared her poor little Hiltonbury maiden, and with a large dressing-room, where she hoped to have seen a bed for Lucilla, but she found that the little girl was quartered in another story, near the cousins; and unwilling to imply distrust, and hating to incite obsequious compliance, she did not ask for any change, but only begged to see the room.

It was in a long passage whence doors opened every way, and one being left ajar, sounds of laughter and talking were heard in tones as if the young ladies were above good breeding in their private moments. Mrs. Charteris said something about her daughters' morning-room, and was leading the way thither, when an unguarded voice exclaimed—"Rouge dragon and all," and a start and suppressed laughter at the entrance of the new-comers gave an air of having been caught.

Four young ladies, in *dégagé* attitudes, were lounging round their afternoon refectory of tea. Two, Caroline and Horatia Charteris, shook hands with Miss Charlecote, and kissed Lucilla, who still looked at them ungraciously, followed Honora's example in refusing their offer of tea, and, only waiting to learn her own habitation, came down to her room to be dressed for dinner, and to criticise cousins, aunt, house, and all. The cousins were not striking—both were on a small scale, Caroline the best looking in features and complexion, but Horatia, the most vivacious and demonstrative, and with an air of dash and fashion that was more effective than beauty. Lucilla, not sensible to these advantages, broadly declared both young ladies to be frights, and commented so freely on them to the willing ears of Owen, who likewise came in to go down under Sweet Honey's protection, as to call for a reproof from Honora, one of whose chief labors ever was to destroy the little lady's faith in beauty, and complacency in her own.

The latter sensation was strong in Honora herself, as she walked into the room between her beautiful pair, and contrasted Lucilla with her contemporary, a formed and finished young lady, all plaits, ribbons, and bracelets—not half so pleasing an object as the little

maid in her white frock, blue sash, and short, wavy hair, though may be there was something quaint in such simplicity, to eyes trained by fashion instead of by good taste.

Here was Captain Charteris, just what he had been when he went away. How different from his stately, dull, wife-ridden, elder brother! So brisk and blunt and eager, quite lifting his niece off her feet, and almost crushing her in his embrace, telling her she was still but a hop o' my thumb; and shaking hands with his nephew with a look of scrutiny that brought the blood to the boy's cheek.

His eyes were never off the children while he was listening to Honora, and she perceived that what she said went for nothing; he would form his judgment solely by what he observed for himself.

At dinner, he was seated between Miss Charlecote and his niece, and Honora was pleased with him for his neglect of her and attention to his smaller neighbor, whose face soon sparkled with merriment, while his increasing animation proved that the saucy little woman was as usual enchanting him. Much that was very entertaining was passing about tiger hunting, when at dessert, as he stretched out his arm to reach some water for her, she exclaimed, "Why, Uncle Kit, you have brought away the marks! no use to deny it, the tigers did bite you."

The palm of his hand certainly bore in purple the marks of something very like a set of teeth; and he looked meaningly at Honora, as he quietly replied, "Something rather like a tigress."

"Then it was a bite, Uncle Kit."

"Yes," in a put-an-end-to-it tone, which silenced Lucilla, her tact being much more ready when concerned with the nobler sex.

In the drawing-room, Mrs. Charteris' civilities kept Honora occupied, while she saw Owen bursting with some request, and, when at length he succeeded in claiming her attention, it was to tell her of his cousin's offer to take him out shooting, and his elder uncle's proviso that it must be with her permission. He had gone out with the careful gamekeeper at Hiltonbury, but this was a different matter, more trying to the nerves of those who stayed at home. However, Honora suspected that the uncle's opinion of her competence to be trusted with Owen would be much diminished by any betrayal of womanly terrors, and she made her only conditions that he

should mind Uncle Kit, and not go in front of the guns, otherwise he would never be taken out again, a menace which she judiciously thought more telling than that he would be shot.

By and by, Mr. Charteris came to discuss subjects so interesting to her as a farmer, that it was past nine o'clock before she looked round for her children. Healthy as Lucilla was, her frame was so slight and unsubstantial and her spirit so excitable that over-fatigue or irregularity always told upon her strength and temper; for which reason Honor had issued a decree that she should go to bed at nine, and spend two hours of every morning in quiet employment, as a counterbalance to the excitement of the visit.

Looking about to give the summons, Honor found that Owen had disappeared. Unnoticed, and wearied by the agricultural dialogue, he had hailed nine o'clock as the moment of release, and crept off with unobtrusive obedience, which Honor doubly prized when she beheld his sister full of eagerness, among cousins and gentlemen, at the racing game. Strongly impelled to end it at once, Honor waited, however, till the little white horseman had reached the goal, and just as challenges to a fresh race were beginning, she came forward with her needful summons.

"O Miss Charlecote, how cruel!" was the universal cry.

"We can't spare all the life of our game!" said Charles Charteris.

"I solemnly declare we weren't betting," cried Horatia. "Come, the first evening!"

"No," said Honor, smiling. "I can't have her lying awake to be good for nothing to-morrow, as she will do if you entertain her too much."

"Another night, then, you promise?" said Charles.

"I promise nothing but to do my best to keep her fit to enjoy herself. Come, Lucy."

The habit of obedience was fixed, but not the habit of conquering annoyance, and Lucilla went off doggedly. Honora would have accompanied her to soothe away her troubles, but her Cousin Ratia ran after her, and Captain Charteris stood in the way, disposed to talk. "Discipline," he said, approvingly.

"Harsh discipline, I fear, it seemed to her, poor child," said Honor; "but she is so excitable that I must try to keep her as quiet as possible."

"Right," said the captain; "I like to see a child a child still. You must have had some tussles with that little spirit."

"A few," she said, smiling. "She is a very good girl now, but it has been rather a contrast with her brother."

"Ha?" quoth the captain, and mindful of the milksop charge, Honora eagerly continued, "You will soon see what a spirit he has! He rides very well and is quite fearless. I have always wished him to be with other boys, and there are some very nice ones near us—they think him a capital cricketer, and you should see him run and vault."

"He is an active-looking chap," his uncle granted.

"Every one tells me he is quite able to make his way at school; I am only anxious to know which public school you and your brother would prefer."

"How old is he?"

"Only twelve last month, though you would take him for fifteen."

"Twelve, then there would be just time to send him to Portsmouth, get him prepared for a naval cadetship, then, when I go out with Sir David Horfield, I could take him under my own eye, and make a man of him at once."

"O Captain Charteris!" cried Honora, aghast; "his whole bent is towards his father's profession."

The captain had very nearly whistled, unable to conceive any lad of spirit preferring study.

"Whatever Miss Charlecote's wishes may be, Kit," interposed the diplomatic elder brother, "we only desire to be guided by them."

"Oh! no, indeed," cried Honor; "I would not think of such a responsibility; it can belong only to his nearer connections;" then, feeling as if this were casting him off to be pressed by the sailor the next instant, she added, in haste—"Only I hoped it was understood—if you will let me—the expenses of his education need not be considered. And if he *might* be with me in the holidays," she proceeded, imploringly. "When Captain Charteris has seen more of him, I am sure he will think it a pity that his talents—" and there she stopped, shocked at finding herself insulting the navy.

"If a boy have no turn that way, it cannot be forced on him," said the captain, moodily.

Honora pitied his disappointment, wondering whether he ascribed it to her influence, and Mr. Charteris blandly expressed great obligation and more complete resignation of the boy than she desired; disclaimers ran into mere civilities, and she was thankful to the captain for saying, shortly, "We'll leave it till we have seen more of the boy."

Breakfast was very late at Castle Blanch; and Honora expected a tranquil hour in her dressing-room with her children, but Owen alone appeared, anxious for the shooting, but already wearying to be at-home with his own pleasures, and indignant with every thing, especially the absence of family prayers.

The breakfast was long and desultory, and in the midst Lucilla made her appearance with Horatia, who was laughing and saying, "I found this child wandering about the park, and the little pussy cat wont tell where she has been."

"Poaching, of course," responded Charles; "it is what pussy cats always do, till they get shot by the keepers."

*Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.* Lucilla was among all the young people, in the full tide of fun, nonsense, banter, and repartee of a style new to her, but in which she was formed to excel, and there was such a black look upon Honor summoned her after the meal, as rendered sensible the awkwardness of enforcing authority among nearer relations; but it was in vain; she was carried off to the dressing-room, and reminded of the bargain for two hours' occupation. She murmured something about Owen going out as he liked.

"He came to me before breakfast; besides, he is a boy. What made you go out in that strange manner?"

There was no answer, but Honor had learned by experience that to insist was apt to end in obtaining nothing but a collision of wills, and she merely put out the prayer-books for the morning's reading of the Psalms. By the time it was over, Lucilla's fit of temper had passed, and she leaned back in her chair. "What are you listening to, Lucy?" said Honor, seeing her fixed eye.

"The river," said Lucilla, pausing with a satisfied look to attend to the deep, regular rush. "I couldn't think before what it was that always seemed to be wanting, and now I know. It came to me when I went to bed; it was so nice!"

"The river voice! Yes; it must be one

of your oldest friends," said Honora, gratified at the softening. "So that carried you out?"

"I couldn't help it! I went home," said Lucilla.

"Home? to Wrapworth? All alone?" cried Honor, kindly, but aghast.

"I couldn't help it," again said the girl. "The river noise was so like every thing—and I knew the way—and I felt as if I must go before any one was up."

"So you really went, and what did you do?"

"I got over the palings our own old way, and there's my throne still in the back of the laurels, and I popped in on old Madge, and oh! she was so surprised! And then I came on Mr. Prendergast, and he walked all the way back with me till he saw Ratia coming, and then he would not go on any further."

"Well, my dear, I can't blame you this time; I am hoping myself to go to Wrapworth with you and Owen."

"Ratia is going to take me out riding, and in the boat," said Lucy, without a direct answer.

"You like your cousins better than you expected?"

"Rashe is famous," was the answer, "and so is Uncle Kit."

"My dear, you noticed the mark on his hand," said Honora; "you do not know the cause?"

"No! was it a shark or a mad dog?" eagerly asked the child, slightly alarmed by her manner.

"Neither. But do not you remember his carrying you into Woolstone Lane? I always believed you did not know what your little teeth were doing."

It was not received as Honora expected. Probably the scenes of the girl's infancy had brought back associations more strongly than she was prepared for—she turned white, gasped, and vindictively said, "I'm glad of it."

Honora, shocked, had not discovered a reply, when Lucilla, somewhat confused at the sound of her own words, said, "I know—not quite that—he meant the best—but, Cousin Honor, it was cruel, it was wicked, to part my father and me! Father—oh, the river is going on still, but not my father!"

The excitable girl burst into a flood of passionate tears, as though the death of her father were more present to her than ever

before; and she had never truly missed him till she was brought in contact with her old home. The fatigue and change, the talking evening and restless night, had produced their effect and her very thoughtlessness and ordinary *insouciance* rendered the rush more overwhelming when it did come, and the weeping was almost hysterical.

It was not a propitious circumstance that Caroline knocked at the door with some message as to the afternoon's arrangements. Honor answered at haphazard, standing so as to intercept the view, but aware that the long-drawn sobs would be set down to the account of her own tyranny, and nevertheless resolving the more on enforcing the quiescence, the need of which was so evident; but the creature was volatile as well as sensitive, and by the time the door was shut, stood with heaving breast and undried tears, eagerly demanding whether her cousins wanted her.

"Not at all," said Honor, somewhat annoyed at the sudden transition; "it was only to ask if I would ride."

"Charles was to bring the pony for me; I must go," cried Lucy, with an eye like that of a greyhound in the leash.

"Not yet," said Honor. "My dear, you promised."

"I'll never promise any thing again," was the pettish murmur.

Poor child! these two morning hours were to her a terrible penance, day after day. Practically, she might have found them heavy had they been left to her own disposal, but it was expecting overmuch from human nature to hope that she would believe so without experience, and her lessons were a daily irritation, an apparent act of tyranny, hardening her feelings against the exactor, at the same time as the influence of kindred blood drew her closer to her own family, with a revulsion the stronger from her own former exaggerated dislike.

The nursery at Castle Blanch, and the cousins who domineered over her as a plaything, had been intolerable to the little important companion of a grown man, but it was far otherwise to emerge from the calm seclusion and sober restraints of the Holt into the gayeties of a large party, to be promoted to young ladyhood, and treated on equal terms, save for extra petting and attention. Instead of Robert Fulmort alone, all the gentlemen in the house gave her flattering notice

—eye, ear, and helping hand at her disposal, and blunt Uncle Kit himself was ten times more civil to her than to either of her cousins. What was the use of trying to disguise from her the witchery of her piquant prettiness?

Her cousin, Horatia, had always had a great passion for her as a beautiful little toy, and her affection, once so trying to its object, had taken the far more agreeable form of promoting her pleasures, and sympathizing with her vexations. Patronage from two-and-twenty to fourteen, from a daughter of the house to a guest was too natural to offend, and Lucilla required it with vehement attachment, running after her at every moment, confiding all her grievances, and being made sensible of many more. Ratia, always devising delights for her, took her on the river, rode with her, set her dancing, opened the world to her, and enjoyed her pleasures, amused by her precocious vivacity, softening her sauciness, extolling the wit of her audacious speeches, and extremely resenting all poor Honor's attempts to counteract this terrible spoiling, or to put a check upon undesirable diversions and absolute pertness. Every conscientious interference on her part was regarded as duenna-like harshness, and her restrictions as a grievous yoke, and Lucilla made no secret that it was so, treating her to almost unvaried ill-humor and murmurs.

Little did Lucilla know, nor even Horatia, how much of the charms that produced so much effect were due to these very restraints, nor how the droll sauciness and womanly airs were enhanced by the simplicity of appearance, which embellished her far more than the most fashionable air set off her companions. Once Lucilla had overheard her aunt thus excusing her short locks and simple dress—"It is Miss Charlecote's doing. Of course, when so much depends on her, we must give way. Excellent person, rather peculiar, but we are under great obligations to her. Very good property."

No wonder that sojourn at Castle Blanch was one of the most irksome periods of Honor's life, disappointing, fretting, and tedious. There was a grievous dearth of books and of reasonable conversation, and both she and Owen were exceedingly at a loss for occupation, and used to sit in the boat on the river, and heartily wish themselves at home. He had

no companion of his own age, and was just too young and too enterprising to be welcome to gentlemen bent more on amusing themselves than pleasing him. He was roughly admonished when he spoilt sport or ran into danger; his Cousin Charles was fitfully good-natured, but generally showed that he was in the way, and his Uncle Kit was more brief and stern with him than "Sweet Honey's" pupil could endure; and Honor was his only refuge. His dreariness was only complete when the sedulous civilities of his aunt carried her beyond his reach.

She could not attain a visit to Wrapworth till the Sunday. The carriage went in state to the parish church in the morning, and the music and preaching furnished subjects for *persiflage* at luncheon, to her great discomfort, and the horror of Owen; and she thought she might venture to Wrapworth in the afternoon. She had a longing for Owen's church, "for auld lang syne," no more. Even his bark church in the backwoods could not have rivalled Hiltonbury and the brass.

Owen, true to his allegiance, joined her in good time, but reported that his sister was gone on with Ratia. Whereas Ratia would probably otherwise not have gone to church at all, Honor was deprived of all satisfaction in her annoyance, and the compensation of a *tête-à-tête* with Owen over his father's memory was lost by the unwelcome addition of Captain Charteris. The loss signified the less as Owen's reminiscences were never allowed to languish for want of being dug up and revived, but she could not quite pardon the sailor for the commonplace air his presence cast over the walk.

The days were gone by, when Mr. Sandbrook's pulpit eloquence had rendered Wrapworth church a Sunday show to Castle Blanch. His successor was a cathedral dignitary, so constantly absent that the former curate, who had been continued on at Wrapworth, was in the eyes of every one the veritable master. Poor Mr. Prendergast—whatever were his qualifications as a preacher—had always been regarded as a disappointment; people had felt themselves defrauded when the sermon fell to his share instead of that of Mr. Sandbrook, and odious comparison had so much established the opinion of his deficiencies, that Honora was not surprised to see a large-limbed and rather quaint-looking man appear in the desk, but the service was gone through

with striking reverence, and the sermon was excellent though homely, and very plain-spoken. The church had been cruelly mauled by church-wardens of the last century, and a few Gothic decorations intended for the beginning of restoration, only made it the more incongruous. The east window, of stained glass of a quality left far behind by the advances of the last twenty years, bore an inscription showing that it was a memorial, and there was a really handsome font. Honor could trace the late rector's predilections in a manner that carried her back twenty years, and showed her, almost to her amusement, how her own notions and sympathies had been borne onwards with the current of the world around her.

On coming out, she found that there might have been more kindness in Captain Charteris than she had suspected, for he kept Horatia near him, and waited for the curate, so as to leave her at liberty and unobserved. Her first object was that Owen should see his mother's grave. It was beside the parsonage path, a flat stone, fenced by a low iron border, enclosing likewise a small flower-bed, weedy, ruinous, and forlorn. A floriated cross filled up with green lichen was engraven above the name.

"Lucilla Horatia  
beloved wife of the Reverend Owen Sandbrook  
Rector of this parish  
and  
Only daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir  
Christopher Charteris  
She died November the 18th 1833  
Aged 29 years.

"Mary Caroline  
her daughter  
Born November 11th 1833  
Died April 14th 1834  
I shall go to them, but they shall not return to me."

How like it was to poor Owen! that necessity of expression, and the visible presage of weakening health so surely fulfilled! And his Lucilla! It was a melancholy work to have brought home a missionary, and secularized a parish priest! "Not a generous reflection," thought Honora, "at a rival's grave," and she turned to the boy, who had stooped to pull at some of the bits of groundsel.

"Shall we come here in the early morning, and set it to rights?"

"I forgot it was Sunday," said Owen, hastily throwing down the weed he had plucked up.

"You were doing no harm, my dear; but we will not leave it in this state. Will you come with us, Lucy?"

Lucilla had escaped, and was standing aloof at the end of the path, and when her brother went towards her, she turned away.

"Come, Lucy," he entreated, "come into the garden with us. We want you to tell us the old places."

"I'm not coming," was all her answer, and she ran back to the party who stood by the church door, and began to chatter to Mr. Prendergast, over whom she had domineered even before she could speak plain. A silent, shy man, wrapped up in his duties, he was mortally afraid of the Castle Blanch young ladies, and stood ill at ease, talked down by Miss Horatia Charteris, but his eye lighted into a smile as the fairy plaything of past years danced up to him, and began her merry chatter, asking after every one in the parish, and showing a perfect memory of names and faces such as amazed him, in a child so young as she had been at the time, when she had left the parish. Honora and Owen, meantime, were retracing recollections in the rectory garden, ekeing out the boy's four-years-old memories with imaginations and moralizings, pondering over the border whence Owen declared he had gathered snowdrops for his mother's coffin; and the noble plane tree by the water-side, sacred to the memory of Bible stories told by his father in the summer evenings.

"That tree!" laughed Lucilla, when he told her that night as they walked up-stairs to bed. "Nobody could sit there because of the mosquitos. And I should like to see the snowdrops you found in November."

"I know there were some white flowers. Were they lilies of the valley for little Mary?"

"It will do just as well," said Lucilla. She knew that she could bring either scene before her mind with vivid distinctness, but shrinking from the pain almost with horror, she only said, "It's a pity you aren't a Roman Catholic, Owen; you would soon find a hole in a rock, and say it was where a saint with his head under his arm had made a footmark?"

"You are very irreverent, Lucy, and very cross besides. If you would not come and tell us, what could we do?"

"Let it alone."

"If you don't care for dear papa and mamma, I do," said Owen, the tears coming into his eyes.

"I'm not going to rake it up to please Honora," returned his sister. "If you like to go and poke with her over places where things never happened, you may, but she shan't meddle with my real things."

"You are very unkind," was the next accusation from Owen, much grieved and distressed, "when she is so good and dear, and was so fond of our dear father."

"I know," said Lucilla, in a tone he did not understand; then, with an air of eldership, ill assorting with their respective sizes, "You are a mere child, it is all very well for you, and you are very welcome to your Sweet Honey."

Owen insisted on hearing her meaning, and on her refusal to explain, used his superior strength to put her to sufficient torture to elicit an answer. "Don't, Owen! let go! There, then! why, she was in love with our father, and nearly died of it when he married, and Rashe says of course she bullies me for being like my mother."

"She never bullies you," cried Owen, indignantly; "she's much kinder to you than you deserve, and I hate Ratia for putting it into your head, and teaching you such nasty man's words about my own Honor."

"Ah! you'll never be a man while you are under her. She only wants to keep us a couple of babies forever—sending us to bed, and making such a figure of me;" and Lucy relieved her feelings by five perpendicular leaps into the air, like an Indian rubber ball, her hair flying out, and her eyes flashing.

Owen was not much astonished, for Lucy's furies often worked off in this fashion; but he was very angry on Honor's account, loving her thoroughly, and perceiving no offence in her affection for his father; and the conversation assumed a highly quarrelsome character. It was much to the credit of masculine discretion that he refrained from reporting it, when he joined Honora in the morning's walk to Wrapworth churchyard. Behold, some one was beforehand with them—even Lucilla and the curate!

The wearisome visit was drawing to a close, when Captain Charteris began—"Well, Miss Charlecote, have you thought over my proposal?"

"To take Owen to sea? Indeed, I hoped you were convinced that it would never answer."

"So far from it being so, that I see it is his best chance. He will do no good till the priggishness is knocked out of him."

Honor would not trust herself to answer. Any accusation but this might have been borne.

"Well, well," said the captain, in a tone still more provoking, it was so like hushing a petulant child, "we know how kind you were, and that you meant every thing good, but it is not in the nature of things that a lad alone with women should not be cock of the walk, and nothing cures that like a month on board."

"He will go to school," said Honor, convinced that all this was prejudice.

"Ay, and come home in the holidays, lord-ing it as if he were master and more, like the son and heir."

"Indeed, Captain Charteris, you are quite mistaken; I have never allowed Owen to think himself in that position. He knows perfectly well that there are nearer claims upon me, and that Hiltonbury can never belong to him. I have always rejoiced that it should be so, I should not like to have the least suspicion that there could be self-interest in his affection for me in the time to come; and I think it presumptuous to interfere with the course of Providence in the matter of inheritances."

"My good Miss Charlecote," said the captain, who had looked at her with somewhat of a pitying smile, instead of attending to her last words, "do you imagine that you know that boy?"

"I do not know who else should," she answered, quivering between a disposition to tears at the harshness, and to laughter at the assumption of the stranger uncle to see further than herself into her darling.

"Ha!" quoth the sailor, "slippery, slippery fellows."

"I do not understand you. You do not mean to imply that I have not his perfect confidence, or do you think I have managed him wrongly? If you do, pray tell me at once. I dare say I have."

"I couldn't say so," said Captain Charteris; "you are an excellent good woman, Miss Charlecote, and the best friend the poor things have had in the world, and you have taught them more good than I could, I'm sure; but

I never yet saw a woman who could be up to a boy, any more than she could sail a ship."

"Very likely not," said Honor, with a lame attempt at a good-humored laugh, "but I should be very glad to know whether you are speaking from general experience of woman and boy, or from individual observation of the case in point?"

The captain made a very odd, incomprehensible little bow, and after a moment's thought, said, "Plainly speaking, then, I don't think you do get to the bottom of that lad, but there's no telling, and I never had any turn for those smooth chaps. If a fellow begins by being over precise in what is of no consequence, ten to one but he ends by being reckless in all the rest."

This last speech entirely re-assured Honor, by proving to her that the captain was entirely actuated by prejudice against his nephew's gentle and courteous manners, and her own religious views. He did not believe in the possibility of the success of such an education, and therefore was, of course, insensible to Owen's manifold excellences.

Thenceforth, she indignantly avoided the subject, and made no attempt to discover whether the captain's eye, practised in mid-shipmen, had made any positive observations on which to found his dissatisfaction. Wounded by his want of gratitude, and still more hurt by his unkind judgment of her beloved pupil, she transferred her consultations to the more deferential uncle, who was entirely contented with his nephew, transported with admiration of her management, and ready to make her a present of him with all his heart! So readily did he accede to all that she said of schools, that the choice was virtually left to her. Eton was rejected as a fitter preparation for the squirearchy than the ministry; Winchester on account of the distaste between Owen and young Fulmort; and her decision was fixed in favor of Westminster, partly for his father's sake, partly on account of the proximity of St. Wulstan's—such an infinite advantage, as Mr. Charteris observed.

The sailor declared that he knew nothing of schools, and would take no part in the discussion. There had, in truth, been high words between the brothers, each accusing the other of going the way to ruin their nephew, ending by the captain's exclaiming,

"Well, I wash my hands of it! I can't flatter a foolish woman into spoiling poor Lucilla's son! If I am not to do what I think right by him, I shall get out of sight of it all!"

"His prospects, Kit; how often I have told you it is our duty to consider his prospects."

"Hang his prospects! A handsome heirless under forty! How can you be such an ass, Charles? He ought to be able to make an independent fortune before he could stand in her shoes, if he were ever to do so, which she declares he never will. Yes, you may look knowing if you will, but she is no such fool in some things, and depend upon it she will make a principle of leaving her property in the right channel, and be that as it may, I warn you that you can't do this lad a worse mischief than by putting any such notion into his head, if it be not there already. There's not a more deplorable condition in the world than to be always dangling after an estate, never knowing if it is to be your own or not, and most likely to be disappointed at last; and, to do Miss Charlecote justice, she is perfectly aware of that, and it will not be her fault if he has any false expectations! So if you feed him with them, it will all be your fault, and that's the last I mean to say about him."

Captain Charteris was not aware of a colloquy in which Owen had a share.

"This lucky fellow," said the young life-guardsmen, "he is as good as an eldest son—famous shooting county—capital, well-timbered estate."

"No, Charles," said Owen, "my Cousin

Honor always says I am nothing like an eldest son, for there are nearer relations."

"Oh, ha!" said Charles, with a wink of superior wisdom, "we understand that. She knows how to keep you on your good behavior! Why, but for cutting you out, I would even make up to her myself—fine-looking, comely woman, and well preserved, and only the women quarrel with that splendid hair. Never mind, my boy, I don't mean it. I wouldn't stand in your light."

"As if Honor would have you!" cried Owen, in fierce scorn.

Charles Charteris and his companions, with loud laughter insisted on the reasons.

"Because," cried the boy, with flashing looks, "she would not be ridiculous, and you are." He paused, but they held him fast, and insisted on hearing what Charles was—

"Not a good churchman," he finally pronounced. "Yes, you may laugh at me, but Honor sha'n't be laughed at."

Possibly Owen's views at present were that not to be a good churchman was synonymous with all imaginable evil, and that he had put it in a delicate manner. Whether he heard the last of it for the rest of his visit may be imagined. And, poor boy, though he was strong and spirited enough with his own contemporaries, there was no dealing with the full-fledged soldier. Nor, when conversation turned to what "we" do at Hiltonbury was it possible always to disclaim standing in the same relation to the Holt as did Charles to Castle Blanch; nay, a certain importance seemed to attach to such an assumption of dignity, of which Owen was not loth to avail himself in his disregarded condition.

ONE of the most touching episodes of the Lawrence tragedy that have come to our knowledge, was the story of a daughter of James Bannon, which was told by a person who would vouch for its truth. At the time of the crash, the little Bannon girl was at work by the side of another girl about her own age, and when the walls fell upon them they were surrounded by the rubbish, but not much injured; and there was a good prospect of their escape. Just before the fire broke out, a man, seeing their condition, ran to their aid and succeeded in getting one of them out; and as he was about to rescue

the Bannon girl the fire and smoke burst upon them. Seeing that there was now no possible chance of escape, the unfortunate girl with a thoughtfulness worthy of the highest admiration, took from her pocket her time-bill, and as her companion was taken away, begged her to "take that to my poor father, and bid him good-by." The flames were so near at hand as the time-bill was passed from one girl to the other, that it was considerably scorched. The little girl was faithful to her charge, and has placed the bill in the hands of the bereaved parent.—*Boston Advertiser.*

From The Saturday Review.

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A FEW days ago there was a case at one of the police courts in which an injured innocent complained that he had been victimized by a set of skittle-sharpers. The curious thing was that all these miscreants were, according to his statement, "gentlemen." A venerable gentleman had engaged him in conversation until a second highly convivial gentleman joined them, and offered to bet the narrator that he would knock down an astonishing number of skittles in two throws. The victim pleaded that he had no money, but the gentleman replied that there happened to reside hard by a gentleman who was in the habit of making temporary advances on gentlemen's watches. The complainant deposed that on hearing this he pawned his watch, accompanied the gentlemen to the skittle ground, and then saw the betting gentleman knock down the prescribed number of skittles in a very easy and gentlemanly way. The presiding magistrate naturally congratulated the prosecutor on the great number of gentlemen with whom he appeared to have been brought in contact within so short a space of time. The sufferer did but carry to an outrageous length a very common manner of talking. There is nothing which delights the rising democrats of the day so much as to call each other "ladies and gentlemen." Without the expenditure of a penny, and by a mere twist of the tongue, they place themselves on a level with the proudest aristocracy. All that is required is that they shall steadily exchange the term of honor with each other, and insist on its being accorded them by their betters. A lady was purchasing an article in a baker-street shop, and remarked that on a previous occasion she had been told by the "young person" who served her, that the thing required was to be obtained there, "Young person, ma'am," was the reply, "you mean the young lady." We may soon expect to reach the point which Mr. Stirling records to have been attained in New York. There, a tailor, seeing a wealthy customer, told his foreman to measure this "man," while he spoke of an artisan who had come to order a suit as "this gentleman." The mob had been so successful in seizing on the title which they grudged their betters, that it had come to be considered as appropriate only to persons of a very low station. We on this side the wa-

ter cannot prevent a similar process being accomplished here. Skittle-sharpers will insist on being gentlemen, and the assistants of minor shopkeepers will insist on being ladies. So far, modern democracy is sure to triumph. The spirit of levelling equality will gradually extend to the sweepings of the streets a term that once implied the possession of birth, wealth, or learning.

And this is only one of the many signs of a strong and increasing desire in English society for a superficial equality. Servant maids like, above all things, to dress like their mistresses, and to imitate them in every point that is cheap and accessible. They have even got so far now, we believe, as to send out cards when they are married. The working classes also get more independent in manner and thought; and this is very much the result of education. There can be no doubt that the tendency of popular education at present is to make the educated long to rise in the world. Parents make sacrifices for their children, and take trouble to send them to the best school in the neighborhood, in order that their girls and boys may get on, and stand on a higher level than they themselves have done. The dream of the imperfectly educated is always the possession of immense wealth; and the clever boys and girls at the parish school are all longing to invade the rich plains of society, and occupy right and left. In the long run, perhaps, education may become less exceptional than it is now, and then it may inspire content. If every one were educated, there would be no particular reason why each individual should hope and expect to surpass his neighbors. But at present, education inspires discontent. The realities of life, however, soon make these educated young people understand that things are not arranged exactly as they could wish, and that, if they will eat, they must work. They console themselves by copying the external symbols of the persons for whom they work. A young woman who longs to ride in her carriage, and who feels that, with her simpler and fine manner of throwing back her hair, she really ought to do so, finds herself obliged to serve in a shop, and to go through the low process of attracting and satisfying customers. She comforts herself by calling herself a lady. In her heart she suspects that this is rather absurd, but outwardly she is most tenacious in asserting the claim. As she cannot get a

proper recognition of all her claims from society, she will at least insist on being called a young lady. Nor need society much grudge her this trifling pleasure. If we found that it cheered a knacker in his melancholy occupation to call himself the emperor of Proosher, should we refuse him this innocent solace? These appellations of "ladies and gentlemen," the inflated silk dresses of maids, their scents, and their wedding-cards, are in a great measure so many protests against having a lot in life inferior to what, in their early visions, they anticipated. We may laugh at them, but there is no reason why we should not endure them with tolerable patience.

It is only justice to these "ladies and gentlemen" to remember that the symptoms they exhibit are displayed in every class of society. It is the general aim of the successful Britisher to become hereafter more than he is now, and for the present to seem more than he is. What is champagne at Bloomsbury dinners, but my lady's maid in my lady's dresses? Even in the very small portion of society which is already at the top of the tree, and has accordingly no worldly rise to wish for, there is a change of modern manners not unlike the high-life below stairs that so widely prevails. The respect once rendered by children to parents may very fairly represent the respect once rendered to superiors by inferiors, and the terms of extreme ease on which children are with their parents, are as great a change now in the highest society as rustling in silk is in the lowest. In every rank of English society there is going on a process of which the main characteristic is that it is a levelling process. And in the particular point of what may be called the "uppishness" of the lower orders, we cannot by any means say that the change is one wholly to be regretted. Persons who complain of it are apt to judge a large matter by tests which are sometimes purely local, and sometimes imaginary. They think of an old-fashioned, steady, respectful, dutiful servant, and say that the class has died away now; or they paint to themselves a model village, where a happy peasantry repays the parental benevolence of the squire and the pastor by a cheerful but meek submissiveness. There is much more to take into account than is comprehended in any exceptional instances of this sort. In a very large part of England the laboring classes have been kept much too low. They have

been sacrificed both to the theory that the greatest virtue they could display was that of touching their hats in a humble and scared manner when they come across gentlefolk, and also to much lower and more sordid motives. They have been artificially degraded in order that they may be manageable, and their labor come cheap to their employers. It is difficult to believe the tyranny that is exercised in this way, and the recklessness with which the aim of depressing the poor is pursued. We speak within our knowledge when we say that there are districts in the south-western part of England where the clergy are prevented from aiding the poor, and encouraging them to direct their superabundant hands where they are more wanted, because the combination of farmers is so strong, and the outcry would be so loud if the employers apprehended that their serfs would be made better off. The English laborer, generally, is not in the position in which he ought to be. If we could have his position changed exactly in the pleasantest manner, we should like to avoid the absurdities of his daughters being called ladies if ever they have the luck to go to a sixpenny tea-garden, and of their sticking out their petticoats, when not in pawn, with some sort of precarious hooping, in order to rival the daughters of the squire. But this is not the best of all possible worlds, and we cannot refuse to see that these absurdities are mixed up inextricably with the process of making the laborer wish to rise. We have so thoroughly persuaded ourselves that the rural village type of pauper humility is the final state destined by Heaven for the poor, that we resolutely shut our eyes to the exceedingly low point at which the English laborer is kept. Gradually he is rising. Great things, such as free-trade, and emigration, have done much for him; but little things have done something for him also, and amongst these little things, the aping of superficial equality, in itself ludicrous and even repulsive, may be one.

The passion for equality in England is still superficial. We are yet impressed at every turn of our lives with the habits and traditions of a graduated society. The sham ladies in shops know and respect a real lady. The maid still looks up to, and often admires and loves, her mistress. The old aristocratic cast of things holds us all within its mould. The squire and the clergyman are

still the great authorities of the village. The counties are administered by local magnates—the well-established families are put at the head of every thing. The vast majority of the people are satisfied with all this. There is not much in England of the nasty, mean spirit of democratic jealousy; and we may therefore hope to go through a social change without entirely altering the old character of the country. We are in an age of transition. Something that a few years ago would have been called very democratic must unavoidably establish itself in English society; for every thing that we think it most incumbent on us to encourage makes this change unavoidable. Education gives the poor new and often foolish notions, but we cannot cease to educate the poor. Increased facility of locomotion makes the poor man able to offer himself in the best market, instead of respectfully starving in his native village; but we cannot stop the railway trains. Cheap bread and peace make the poor have something on their backs as well as in their stomachs, and often the backs of their women are adorned in execrable taste; but we cannot revive Protection in order that village girls may wear print frocks of a neat, lilac pattern. We cannot keep the poor man permanently down, and whilst he is rising, he and his family will be often obtrusive and offensive, like all other parvenus. We have reached the point of national history when some change in the condition of the poor was a matter of certainty. Very fortunately, through the real anxiety of the

rich to do right, and through the immense hold which traditional manners or feelings have on all Englishmen, this change promises to be effected in a quiet and satisfactory, because a slow manner. There is some rational ground for hoping that we may attain many of the advantages which democracy brings to the poor, without the overwhelming disadvantage of a democratic thirst for equality seizing on all society. M. de Tocqueville has pronounced that every society of the western world is tending irresistibly to democracy. In one sense this is quite true. As men gain some little wisdom in making laws, and attain a sense of their duties to society, they are both capable and desirous of giving those advantages to the poor which are sure to make the poor more independent in manner as well as in fact. But it is not true, so far as we know, that European societies are all tending to fall into the same pattern of democracy. If the upper classes of England are wise in their generation during the next half century, they may fix the type and the limits of English democracy for a long time. Meanwhile, they must regard with indulgence the little trumpery signs of superficial equality. These follies must be looked on as the safety-valves through which the democratic spirit relieves itself. If a girl in a shop calls herself a lady, she is very silly, but no great harm is done provided that she is sufficiently comforted by this demonstration against society to avoid the bitterness, envy, and malice against those superior to her in station and education, which is the curse of her equals in France.

**TOADS AND THEIR SKINS.**—*Mr. Editor:* In a short article in the *Farmer* about toads, it says: "he rolls up his old coat in a pile and swallows it."

Now as I have seen him take off his coat and pants, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in precisely the same way, it may be interesting to others to know the process.

About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melon, and not wanting him to leave I hoed around him; he appeared sluggish, and not inclined to move. Presently, I observed him pressing his elbows hard against his sides, and rubbing downwards. He appeared so singular, that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs, his skin began to burst open, straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be

unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took this cast off cuticle forward, between his fore legs, into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the throat and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed to be an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time.—*New England Farmer.*

From The Constitutional Press.

#### THE VICAR OF LYSSELL.

"May 21st, 1729. This day have I taken possession of this benefice of Lyssell, in Cumberland, bestowed on me by Sir Edward Leigh; the patron. I am well pleased with my new abode, seeing it in the bright May sunshine, and the brighter sunshine of my own happy heart. After our long waiting, I can scarce believe that my dear Mary is so soon to be my wife, and have need to say it over to myself, to persuade me that it is true. I came here yesterday, and have to-day been inducted, by a neighbor vicar and my churchwardens. The church is small and old, with an old gray stone cross on either end, open benches and raftered roof; the churchyard is surrounded by a thorn hedge, now all white as snow with blossom; all around lies the glebeland. Plenty of wood and timber all about. The vicarage is very comfortable—square, a door in the middle, a window on each side, and three above, and a most respectable looking house. A little dark within, but Mary will brighten it. If it is not a comely dwelling, the view makes up for it. A little meadow in front is bordered by a shining, rippling river, and just above the vicarage is crossed by an old pointed bridge, and beyond lie the mountains, high and majestic, all shimmering in the sunshine. As I walked in my garden and in the churchyard, my thoughts went out into the future, so bright and hopeful. Here along this path, Sunday after Sunday, Mary and I will walk to church. Here, in this chancel-seat will she sit, to hear the good word that with my whole heart I will strive to preach to my people; at this old stone font, should Heaven grant us the blessing of children, I will receive them into the bosom of our Mother Church, and pray that they may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that they may in mercy reach the blessed haven of promised rest above; and here, when our appointed time shall come, will one of us take our last farewell of our dear companion, not despairing, but in sure and certain hope to meet again, when summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, shall bring the end. Here, where I stand, under the chancel window, shall be our earthly rest."

The writer of the diary, the Rev. John Kendale, is walking in the narrow path which leads from his vicarage to the small gray

church. A small figure, large kind blue eyes, a shy, retiring look, and a low, gentle voice and manner. Imagine all this, and you see the young vicar just presented to the living of Lyssell, prized the more as opening a way to his long-deferred marriage with "Mary," who had won his kindly heart years ago, wandering on the moors and fells of her father's parish. People wondered how Mr. Kendale had ever dared to offer the self of whom he had so very low an opinion, to the pretty, lively, much-sought-after Mary. His shyness was so great as to lock his mouth even to her, and sent him, lacking a living confidante, to write every thought and feeling in his diary. Dreamy, romantic, and poetical, clinging with the deepest affection to any thing that would love him, and shrinking chilled and cast down from ridicule and misapprehension, his diary was more likely to be a record of fancies, than of action; he had no ambition beyond what he was, and with his loving wife and quiet duties would live and die content.

They were married; in Mary's father's church, among the mountains, their lifelong vows were exchanged, in awe and fear indeed, but with earnest wishes to make each other happy, and yet to live not for themselves and this world alone. They were married and went home to Lyssell. The diary was not at first resumed, the vicar was too busy showing his bride his parish and its neighborhood, and enjoying the long-anticipated happiness of a wedded life, but at last he writes:—

"June 12th, 1729. And now we are settled at home. Every thing is arranged in order, and we begin the life so long hoped for. We came home on Tuesday, and now to-morrow is Sunday, and my heart is rather fearful, wherefore I know not.

"June 13th. Evening. A large congregation to-day, and many eyes on Mary, as fulfilling one part of my dream she sat in the chancel, the sunshine coming through the window on her head—a happy omen methinks. I need not have feared to-day; it has been very peaceful and happy, and this summer Sunday, first of our married life, has brought a calm with it which seems as if it would be over all our life. I know it cannot be so, I know that storms and clouds will come, but if it is dark and lowering all the day, 'at eventide it will be light.'

"June 14th. To-day we have been to dine with Mr. Lennyl at Lyssell Hall. He is Sir Edward's steward, and farms his property in this parish. We went about midday, the weather sunny and hot. In at an old gateway, with the Leigh arms—through a little pasture, shaded by sycamore trees, up a long flight of steps, and we are at the house. Long, old, and gray, with many windows, at one end a tower, at the other the stables and farm buildings; you go in at a low, strong door, studded with nails, and are in a large, high hall, dark and damp, for all the summer day without; many windows in deep recesses, shadowed by creepers and roses, casting a green shade on the flagged floor. Mistress Lennyl was here to greet us, two or three maids spinning, round the room. The whirr and buzz cease when we enter. The mistress is kind, but I am very shy of her, and Mary is too, methinks, for she is a stately dame, and Mary's little voice rather shakes when she has to answer in the echoing hall. Anon, the steward comes in—stately, grayhaired, and so deaf that one can hardly make him hear—a good deal older than his wife, but as I think ruled by her. The steward talked to Mary, and I nearly laughed out to see her pretty face grow quite red with talking loud to him, and her gentle voice strained out of its sweetness. Dinner, good and plentiful, was served in the great hall, the men and maids of the farm sitting down with us, below the salt. After dinner the mistress set the wheels at work again, and her eldest daughter took us to the top of the tower, whence is a most fair view. The Derwent winding like a silver ribband under hills covered with purple heather, and sloping upwards, and far-away blue fells, growing soft and misty, till they melt into the pure clear sky. We had a pleasant day, but were glad, when, as the crows come in, in long, straight, silent lines, from far-away hills, we go home, too, through the dewy pastures and under the clear stars.

"June 15th. Up early, but Mary before me, and going out to see after our kye; I met her coming by the churchyard hedge, with a milkpail on her head, having milked the kye without me. I went and would have scolded her for going alone, but she would not let me, for fear of losing the balance, and she looked at me so pretty, her little high-heeled shoes brushing through the wet, flowery grass, and the morning sun shining on her bright-col-

ored chintz gown, and her golden hair falling down—I think there never was such a darling Mary.

"June 19th. To-day we have been to Dermouth—Mary's first visit. We set out early—my horse carries a pillion very well. It is a pretty way to Dermouth over the hill we call the Haigh, covered with heather, with short, fine grass by the roadside, and heartsease, milkwort, and eyebright growing on it. From the top is a fine view of the Solway, and the Scotch hills. I promised to take Mary some day to the sea, where she has never been, and she was so delighted, she laughed and sang all the way down the hill. We talked more like two silly children, than the vicar and his wife, but it is very pleasant to be silly sometimes. We went into the town, and very soon Mary espied a gown in a shop window, which she liked so well she wanted me to give it her. We asked the price; it was so dear, I could not afford it; we have spent so much. She coaxed me, and called me 'dear old John;' but I had made up my mind and will not change, though it vexed me mightily to deny her any thing; she grew angry, and that vexed me more. She wondered I could deny her any thing, and we went our way much disquieted, and she would not hold my arm, nor turn her face to me. I felt a churl, not to give her this little thing, when we have been so short a time wed. I would, had I the money. It was a very fair evening, and from the Haigh top we saw the sun nearing its setting, shining crimson on the sea, and heard the larks singing in the air, but we neither sang nor talked, and I felt downcast in my heart, thinking I should never make her happy. We got home, and I put the horse up; Mary sitting on a little chair by the door, but never speaking; so I stood apart, and by and by she gets up, and goes about the flower-beds, gathering one here and there, and then comes nearer and nearer, and then I see a little hand putting flowers in my coat, and a little golden head is laid on my shoulder. And, 'Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!' she tells me she does not want the gown, only for me to love her and be happy. She is only a baby, she says, and I must treat her as such, and scold her. And then we love one another mightily again, and are very happy.

"June 21st. Sunday evening. A glorious midsummer day, Mary and I went up the

Haigh to see the sun set. We sat down on the ling and watched him a long time, coming through a bank of mist, sometimes shining out as if an angel were drawing aside the curtain for us to have a glimpse of the hidden glory, and at last leaving us in a sea of golden light. We marked the place on the mountains where he sets on the longest day, and think to come here on the shortest to see the difference.

"June 22nd. 'Tis a wet day, small rain unceasingly. My sermon writ, I take out my diary, not knowing withal what I shall put down. The rain is pouring, bending down the flowers' heads, and turning up the backs of the leaves. The sky is leaden, without a break, and neither hills or mountains are visible. Birds, silent in the wet, fly in and out of the creepers for shelter. The fire this evening is cheering, and by it sits Mary, and now my eye resting on her, there is sunshine enough—I would not change my happy fate for Sir Edward's own.

"July 17th. Out haymaking all day in the field behind the church; my wife, with a rake so large she scarce can hold it, raking after the cart. How pleasant, when all was safely housed, was the rest under the trees; Mary sticking my hat full of wild roses, and chasing away the flies with a large fern leaf, the summer sky above us, the hum of gnats and bees around us, and the voices of the haymakers in the distance." So the sweet stream of our vicar's life flows on, the happy days when they pick the currants and gooseberries for preserving, shell the peas and milk the cows, and Mary is the joy and sunshine of all her husband's second self. And they go the round of tea-parties among the "statesmen" and farmers, and once Mary is so long dressing, that her husband almost was vexed. "And when she does come, she has to mend her long lace glove, and I can't be vexed looking at her. Her straw hat shading her dear face, small featured, pink and white, and her pretty golden hair falling down. The best flowered chintz is on, and the worked skirt (I have learnt the names of all these things now), and the high-heeled, silver-buckled shoes. And the rosy little fingers work so busily at the glove. I need to look at the ring to believe 'tis not a dream. Mary has found out it is not a sermon I write so oft, and now she wants to know what I am writing about *her*, she knows it is, 'I look at her so.' Now the glove is done, and we will go."

And then the harvest came, and the vicar's crops were good, and he went out with his shearers, and "Mary must needs shear too;" but she cut her hand very soon, and cried with the pain, so she tried no more but sat in the shade, much to the hinderance of the vicar's shearing, he "needs to rest so often." Then followed the harvest suppers, merry and pleasant, and the time flew very quickly.

"Oct. 23rd. To-day I planted for Mary, and me, two ash trees at the end of the meadow, close together; I think how their green leaves will some day look over graves under the chancel window; I pray Heaven none be there a while before mine."

Then potato crops came on, the garden was done up for winter, and the vicar got on with his sermons, and the diary records visits to his people, hopes that he is liked by them, pleasant winter evenings, and merry Christmas parties, and now the dark days are over, spring comes and Mary gathers violets in the hedges.

"May 13th. To-day hath a dream of mine been fulfilled. Our little one has been brought to church, and I baptized him at the old stone font. It is lovely May weather—the April sunshine was his greeting to the world, and the sun hath shone on his life. And the flowers are all blooming for his christening, and Mary is well again, and to-day walked as far as our cabbage rose tree by the garden wall. We are happy—too happy for me to say—in each other, in our beautiful home, in our little son.

"July 10th, 1733. A fine hay-day; nevertheless, as 'tis Mary's birthday, I have promised to take her, and Anne her sister, and the children, up the river, and dine on the grass; and I am not likely to forget my promise, for Anne, who is but a child, and Mary, who, spite of her twenty-five years, is not much else, are making such a noise while packing their baskets that scarce can I write.

"Evening. I do not regret my hay, when looking back on our happy day, though it was sorely hot, and I carried the baby all the way to Pepper Holm, while Jack ran on before, a sturdy fellow enough. Methought a limner would have made a picture pretty enough of us. Mary and I sitting under an oak, and Sister Anne carrying the baby by the water side, among the yellow flags, and Jack a-rolling on the soft grass. Then Anne, her light hair all stuck about with roses, in her glee

did throw a chain of flowers about Mary and me, who tell her we are joined by a stronger chain than that, but she, looking grave, understands not. And they two sing some of the old Martindale songs, and I lie on the grass, looking up to the blue sky all flecked with white clouds, till Jack strews my face all over with flowers and rushes, and sends all my fine fancies and poesy away. And then we walk home, and by luck the baby slept all the way.

"*July 25th.* All busy among the hay, Mary and I working as hard as anybody, and Anne in the shade playing with the children. I remember me of the summer we married, so sitting with Mary, and with thankfulness I look back on all the happy days we have made hay together, and all the cheerful harvests we have worked in the ripe cornfields, and I think how blest we have been, and above all, that our love is the same as the first day we came here together. The steward's hay is getting on in Kirkfoot, and through the open window I hear the laughing and talking, sweet in the evening air, and down the stairs comes the sound of Mary's voice, as she sings our darlings to sleep. And now the darkness falls, and the bright pure evening star rises over the island trees, and owls cry, and bats flit past, and the scent of flowers fills the room, and I must leave my writing, for she comes gently to me, and it is time to take our nightly stroll among the flowers, when the birds are all still, and the trees seem to whisper a reply to our talk, and the river is moaning along in the darkness.

"*July 26th.* I have been busy all this morning, and my wife as well, in the hayfield, and have got it all housed. Now I am lazily resting, and Mary is gathering lavender in the garden.

"*Evening.* My darling is ill, the heat is so great; she brought me her lavender this morning, looking white and wan, and just as she put it in my desk, she swooned away; she is better now, and I doubt not will be quite well to-morrow. Now I will put my journal away among her sweet lavender, and go to her.

"*November 26th, 1737.* I have opened my diary again after it hath lain more than four years untouched, and as I do it the smell of the lavender fills the room, bringing remembrance of the summer morning I last saw and smelt it, and the winter storm that since then hath risen and swept away love, hope, and

joy from me forever in this miserable world. I look at the last words I wrote in this my book, and feel again the warm sunshine, hear the summer sound of bees humming, and birds twittering, and see the little figure who came to me, her hands full of the sweet flowers, and laid them in my desk, saying all my things would therewith be scented, and then I should always think who put the lavender there, and then grew pale and fell on my shoulder fainting. I torture myself thus writing; perchance, probing the wound may in some sort soothe it; I have tried to be resigned. Sometimes I think I have succeeded, then some flower, a tone in my children's voices, a light flitting over Skiddaw, hath brought back all my sorrow and overthrown the feeble tower of strength I had builded up. On a summer Sunday evening, standing where she lies, I can look on and say 'it is well.' Now the November storm beats loudly against the window of the room where I sit alone. But let me recall the last four years—I will write down all that my heart *will not* forget.

"My darling seemed quite well the next day, came down and went about as usual, and I feared nothing; but in the evening she fainted again, and lay as one dead, and so almost every day, and grew sorely weak and wan—still I would not fear. In September we went to the seaside. It was of no use. I thought the sea would set her up for winter, but she grew worse than at home; and then it came upon me that we must part—not now, not soon, but some time far away in the time to come, dim and unreal—too fearful to think on. One Sunday I came to know it: we had walked out alone, and sat down under a high sandbank and looked on the sea. There she told me she would like to go home, knowing it no good to stay there; her life was nearly done. Then I told her she should not die, must not die, and leave me. Such love as mine must save her; but she, laying her head on my shoulder, said crying, 'What, mean ye to weep and break my heart? I want to stay with you, oh, I want to live! we are so young and happy. Oh, do not make it harder for me to leave you—see, it must be!' and she held her hand to me, her hand that used to be so round and rosy, and she said—'Dearest husband, you must help me to be willing, you are a strong, good man, and I am a poor, weak thing who never did a good deed that you did not put in my head and help me in.

Don't fail me now, don't let me murmur; help me, for oh! I need help so much.' And hearing her voice, it came to me that it was true. I sat, not comforting her, but, bending under the weight of mine own selfish sorrow, looking at the long lines of black rock stretching out into the sea, that lay so calm and blue, sleeping in the bright sun.

"December 31st, 1737. Writing about that day, so brought the agony of it back to me, that I thought to put down no more—but better thoughts have come to me this Christmas-tide—there is peace on earth, if not happiness. I will go on.

"We went home, and the autumn advanced. It was very hard to see the shearers in the fields, where we should work no more together, the rosy apples on the trees, that we were wont to pull together, the yellow leaves fall, never more to bud for her. She never went out all winter, and at Christmas-time, hope rose and budded in my heart. Her mother and Anne came to see us, and we all thought the blow was not to fall yet. We had a happy time, we decked the house with holly, and on Christmas eve, the little ones and Anne had snap-dragon, and other sports, and Mary laughed to see them; and then we sung 'Hark, the herald angels sing.' I went to bed very happy that night, and many more. Spring came, the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed and died, and Jack gathered violets for his mammy under the bridge end hedge. April sunshine came, and Mary longed to go out, so we walked up and down under the house in the sun. No harm came of it, but she always told me she was not really better, but I would not believe it. How could I, when from day to day her step was no more feeble, her hand no thinner or whiter? And sometimes a color would come to her cheek as in the old days. I was by her almost all the days, for what was the world to me away from her? I know not when I gave up hope—no one ever told me—again her mother came, and as summer came on I felt it. For long she could walk round the garden with my arm. One evening we went to the churchyard; she leant on me, and said, 'I wanted to be here with you, beneath this chancel window, that I might pray you not to sorrow as one without hope, when that day comes which is drawing very near. You will look on with hope and faith, I know, to our meeting that shall have no parting, will you not, husband?'

"And then she took her prayer-book, and we read together some of those comforting words, which fall like a voice from heaven on weary hearts.

"Still she goes to church with the children in the afternoon, and finds their places, and hushes them with a grave, sweet look. That time is present with me, I cannot write of it as past; the summer days in a quiet hush go on, she sits on the green, where the children play, gathering flowers for mammy, and quieting their merry voices as they near her chair; she has a happy look and cheerful word for every one, and I—I sit by her till my misery cannot be hidden, and then I wander away, seeking comfort and finding none. Another Sunday comes, the sweet bells call in vain, she cannot leave the chair; and in all the service, I heartily think of but two prayers, 'For all sick persons, and young children!' and 'Finally we commend to Thy fatherly goodness, all those who are afflicted, in mind, body, or estate.' It is July, fine hot summer weather, roses are blowing, and Kirkfoot is being mown. My flower is fading when all others bloom.

"On Monday she seems stronger, and we walk in our garden once more, and look at our rose trees.

"'Out just in time for me to see! How many happy summers we have watched them, have we not, dearest? and you will many more.'

"'And how? Alone.'

"The haymakers are busy, and we hear their laughing, and see the mowers in their white shirt-sleeves, cutting the shining flowery grass.

"'Just as they did the summer we married; those were happy days, John; weren't they?'

"But I cannot speak to her, so clear those days come before me; and we walk on so slowly, so wearily, and she gathers a flower from every bush, and I feel she is taking leave of them, and that this is our last walk, the last of our dear companionship—the last!

"Next morning I see a change, blind as I am—she says she will not go down this morning, perhaps in the afternoon. And she sits in her chair in the window, and July sunshine is in the room, and the smell of pinks and roses, and a green quivering light from the shadowing creepers. And the voices of our children, and the chirp of birds mingle with

the loud breathing which tears my heart. I will not believe the end is near; I try to interest her in things without to cheat my heart; I show her John Berwick mowing before the window, and the pigeons and hens which pick up the seeds between the shining swathes, and I give her a rose from her own tree. She looks at every thing with a shadowy smile for a minute, but turns away—they are all very far away from her now, and so we sit all the sunny morning. I read and sometimes say a verse, and it is very quiet, and a sort of peace comes to my heavy heart. The world goes on, the servants go about the house, and the little ones come in tired with play; I bring them to her, their rosy cheeks are pressed to hers, and her thin hands are full of their fresh wild flowers. Too surely is it life and death—she holds them to her long and silently, and then I take them away, awestruck, they know not why. Afternoon shadows grow long, and we are very peaceful, and then a time comes when the labored breath grows louder, there is a whisper I cannot hear, the sweet loving eyes glaze, the ear is dull to my voice, and I know the dread invisible presence hath come between us and parted us.

"I go down and out into the warm air; her hens run to meet me; the maid is driving in our cows; the school children shout, going home; I go and sit by the river, that runs on, on, onward to the sea.

"It struck six when I went out, and I know not how I passed the glowing summer evening, or the night, save that stars were shining down on my crushed life, so still and quiet, and the morning came, the morning which brought me no greeting, no smile, only the hot sunshine through the closed blinds in the quiet room where my love, and hope, and happiness lay, never to love me, or speak, or look any more. And the hour came all too soon, when we stood round the open grave under the chancel window. It was evening—I remember the swallows darting about in the sunshine, the bees humming, and a white butterfly which flew among our black dresses, and then the words I had last read with her seemed to fall on my heart like a voice from the heaven where she had gone, leading my worn and weary heart away from the grave to the angel spirit I shall meet, when sorrow and trouble shall be no more. When the

last turf was laid, I went, leaving the grave under the pure sky.

"When I looked over my darling's innocent treasures, I found a letter to myself, among withered flowers, bits of spar and stone, memories to us both of sunny days and happy walks. In her unaccustomed handwriting, it thanked me for her happy life, and ended so—'Sweet heart and dearest husband, do not be so sorely cast down—I would not that you should forget me, but think of me very often, even to the end of your life, for I have loved you very dearly, and never any other, before that I knew you. You will love our children, I know, and make them love and comfort you, and, dear, after a while, if you give them another mother, think alway, I am blessing and loving you and her, who shall make you happy again; and now, dear heart, my only love, good-by, my last thought will be of you—good-by for a little while; think of me as only sleeping for a little time, in another room, as it were, so close I lie to you. M. K., July 6th, 1734.'

"And now more than three years have gone over, and it is all fresh in my mind as yesterday. I have lived my lonely life, teaching my children, visiting my people, and at times I have been at peace, sometimes sorely troubled. Anne hath married and gone away to live in the south, and her mother is failing fast. They are wishful I should take the children to see her, but I have never yet had the heart to go to the hallowed spot, where I first met my darling."

Having once begun, the vicar goes on with his diary, but there are no more records of pleasant walks, and bright firesides, only accounts of his parish and of his children, "the remnants of those days so long gone by."

"February 4th, 1738. This day have troubles sorely bested me. Dorothy, the maiden who has been with us since we married, tells me she must be married at Whitsuntide, to John, the clerk. She would have done this before, but for our loss. Moreover, Mary's mother is dead, and I cannot send my children to her, as I thought to do. How selfish I am, to think of me and mine, before their grief at Martindale. I must go thither tomorrow.

"February 8th. I have been to the place

so full of memories. I have seen mountain, valley, church, and house, through February rain, and the darkness of my sorrow, which I last beheld in May sunshine, and with that sweet heart beside me, that made all bright—the church I last walked down our bridal-day! In the evening, I sat with the old vicar in the darkness. He, worn out, fell asleep, and losing thought of the night and rainy darkness that had fallen on us, I filled the vacant places with vanished forms, lighted the gloom with dear eyes that used to shine there, and heard in the empty air the sound of long-silent voices. And then I woke to the reality, and pondered on the mighty mysteries of life and death, which are so vividly present with me.

*"Whit-Monday.* I have this day wedded Dorothy to John the clerk. I believe we all shed tears. We have got another girl to tend the children, but none can be like Dorothy."

The poor vicar and his maids! The diary relates in the next few months, the departure of five girls. One is dishonest; another and another, cannot stand the poor widower's ill-managed house, and yet another cannot "do" with such spoilt children. The fifth leaves to be married. Meanwhile, the children do not thrive under such varied forms of government. Jack is passionate and rebellious, Polly idle, and the baby, "darling Katie," dwindles and pines away to a shadow. "What can I do?" the poor father writes, "will no one save my babies from ruin? I look out, and see Jack and Polly quarrelling with raging tongues, and baby in her little chair, fading like a gathered lily. I talk and talk, in vain. They cry, and promise to be good, for they have true and loving hearts, but they go and do the same day by day.

*"August 24th, 1738.* We are all going to Martindale for a month. The fifth girl since Dorothy goes to-day, and I have the charge of the three. I find they have no clothes fit to go in. They used to look so neat and trim—where are their pretty coats and things? Oh, these daily, hourly, heart-burnings! All has gone wrong since Dorothy went. What must I do? O Mary, Mary! can you look down out of your peaceful happiness, and love and pity us, who are yet wandering in this dreary wilderness, sick at heart and wayworn,—no earthly comfort near?

*"September 4th.* Martindale. Here once more. The shearers in the golden fields—the

bright harvest moon rising over the mountains—all the same, but I: I dream of Mary as she was before we married, bright eyed, golden haired, binding sheaves with me for sport, or gathering up the rosy apples I shook down in showers—I hear her laugh, and her sweet, clear voice, and I wake, and she is gone, lying alone, beneath the chancel window. Every night comes that dear vision to me.

*"September 6th.* Yesterday we went to Patterdale, to see the Gaitsgarths, as in the olden days. I went with the master in the fields, to look after his shearing. Coming back to tea, I see Katie clinging round Anne Gaitsgarth's neck, and she telling tales to Jack and Polly. The tears are in her gray eyes when I go in. She has been talking to them about Mary's childish days, when they two went to school in Penrith. After, Master Gaitsgarth and I sit talking over the parliament news, and his son, who is in Gardiner's dragoons; and Anne and the little ones walk out. It is a calm, gray evening, and the lake has not a ripple on it. Just as I look out, the sun breaks out from the cloud which hath hung over the sky all day, and shines on Anne and my children. A thought comes into my head. Anne went part of the way homewards with us, and baby cried when she put her from her arms to mine.

"I am in my own chamber now. I have read over her last letter—'If after a while you give them another mother, think always I am blessing and loving her, who shall make you happy again.' Her dying words—oh, my darling, too soon taken from me, not to fill thy place, or in forgotten love to thee, I think of her, but to be a mother to our motherless babies. Can I put another in thy place, a wife instead of the angel spirit which is always by my side?

*"September 14th.* I have taken a week to think, and know now that I am right. I have known Anne all my life, and she loved Mary—she will love her children. Not like Mary, I like to be with her. Tall, thin, pale, gray eyed, and dark haired. She is not pretty, but there is a sort of peace about her, that I too feel when with her.

*"September 15th.* I have been to Patterdale: 'tis done."

Anne Gaitsgarth was at her wheel, this quiet sunless afternoon, while the yellow leaves were floating from the sycamore, and the autumnal cawing of the rooks was in the sky.

Mr. Kendale entered, and in her calm, quiet way Anne rose to meet him. They talked of the children,—Katie, "like her mother, methinks," he whispered, the look of sorrow habitual to him deepening. Then like a sudden storm, come Anne's tears over her quiet face, "So like, so very like," and she comes nearer to him. "I have so wanted to tell you how I grieved for her, so young, so good, and happy, to die—John, how you must have suffered," and she sobs and cries more than he, who is calm, and deadly pale. "Anne," he says at last, "I came here to-day to ask you to fill her place. I see now how bold I was"—she starts away from him, and the quiet face returns—"how bold I was, when you see the unsubdued grief her death is to me. Will you, Anne? Can you so far pity me, as to take a mother's care of all she has left me? All the love that is not with her shall be yours. I will love and cherish you very tenderly, and I will try to make you happy."

More he said, quite calmly, and she looked in his eyes, and answered, "I will be your wife, and a mother to your children. I will love you and them, and I will not expect to be loved as she was."

Then his calmness gave way, and with passionate weeping he thanked her; and they were betrothed, and he and she believed that the spirit of the best beloved was present with them. And they walked by the quiet moonlit lake, and talked, not as lovers talk, but of the dear time that was gone; and then he walked back by the lonely hills, and the moonlight seemed to him like Anne's peaceful smile, lighting his life.

"September 20th. Lysell Vicarage." I have returned here to set my neglected house in order, against the time when I have that blessing I look forward to. I am most deeply thankful to her. I was a strange wooer. I did not offer the love I had not to give, but she will be my wife—she shall be happy, if I can make her so, and I will be happy too. I have been to Mary's grave, and have tried to bury there all my morbid sorrow, and to begin again. Not to forget—my darling, never!—but to bear.

"October 20th. We came home to-day, Anne and I. I look back to the pages written when I brought Mary home, and a sunshine of joy seems to breathe from them. Is this bearing? I will look back no more, only forward.

"Our wedding-day was full of calm and peace; a bright autumn sunshine fell on our path, and over the shining gossamer, which floated over the whin bushes on either side, as we walked to church, and we were very quiet, and Mary's angel spirit seemed to hover over us, and bless our marriage-day. We left them in the afternoon, and walked away through the blue veil of mist, which hung on the hills.

"Christmas-day. Once more this blessed morning has dawned happily for us. Once more a loving voice has greeted me with loving wishes. The house is decked with holly. Anne and the children put it up last night, singing carols in the twilight, and I wondered at the quiet happiness these dark winter days have brought me; not in forgetfulness, but in resignation. We have been playing with the children at Christmas sports, and now they have all left me, and I look out on the white snow and the clear stars, and the sufferings of the past are gone, and my heart is very thankful for the happiness of the present.

"May, 1739. Dear Anne! how can I ever be thankful enough for her goodness to me and mine. She took me, knowing how my heart was buried in the past, knowing my three ill-trained children, and my badly managed household, and what has her firm, kind hand not done? I see from the window Jack and Polly and Katie, playing in the field, all starred with dandelions—quiet and loving to one another, blooming like roses, and trimly dressed. This is Anne's birthday, and we are going to make a festival of it, with a cowslip gathering and a tea-drinking, under the chestnut trees by the bridge. 'Tis like an olden-time entry in my diary. Anne appears to me like an angel that has come to me, with clear pitying eyes, and dispersed the deep gloom which had fallen upon me and all belonging to me. Little have I deserved it, when in my selfishness, I asked her to come and help me in my misery, telling her it was as a *help* I asked now. And now she is helper, companion, and loving wife and mother, in one. We sit in these spring twilights, and talk of the dear one, loved so well by both. We stand by her grave, not as aforesometimes, in wild, unchastened grief, but in the spirit which came to me, to support me in that fearful day, when all that was left to me of her, was taken from me. And

still I love her memory more than all the world besides."

And now the vicar's diary becomes like the diary of former days. He has been awakened from his dream of desponding sorrow, he sees his duty, and does it; visits his parish, teaches his children, and looks after his glebe—he takes an interest in politics, and votes for Sir Edward Leigh, at the county election. He writes many new discourses, which fill his church to his satisfaction; and in and out of the calm picture move serenely Anne and her own two little ones, and the three which are to her as her own, and love and harmony rule their quiet life, and the vicar is happy, though Mary's memory is still his guiding star, for the living Anne and all her loving helpfulness is less to him than the dead Mary, who sleeps beneath the chancel window.

"August 17th, 1745. Strange rumors reach us of the landing of the Chevalier's son in Scotland, to claim his grandfather's throne. The newspapers tell of numbers flocking to his standard. Earnestly I hope it may not be as in the '15. I can remember all the disasters of that ill-fated enterprise, and the black fate of my Lord of Derwentwater, which filled this north country with lamentation.

"September 8th. Heavy news has this day reached us. Ned Gaitsgarth, Anne's best-beloved brother, has joined Prince Charles. Our own sympathies are with the gallant young Chevalier, but when I think of the bloodshed there will be, if he fails, my heart trembles for Ned, and I am glad we had not to counsel him.

"October 10th. Great grief and fear for Ned, for though the fight at Preston-pans was gained, one cannot but quake to think of what is yet to come. They say the Scotch will be over the border soon. Going to Der-mouth this morning, I saw the castle battle-ments fortified and covered with soldiers; whilst there, a king's messenger came with letters from the Duke of Cumberland.

"November 21st. The prince has taken Carlisle, and the garrison is in confinement—'Wha wouldna fecht for bonnie Prince Charlie?'

"December 24th. I fear me the gallant prince is ruined. Forced to retreat from Derby, he is marching back northward; I would his noble courage had been rewarded. And where is Ned? Anne is sorely disquieted on his behalf.

"December 25th. A sad Christmas-day. The prince and his army have been totally routed on Clifton Moor, on the 18th December, many fallen, both officers and men. I wonder what my old schoolfellow, Squire de Burgh, has been doing in this affray? His forefathers were still loyal, and lost many a broad acre for King Charles. A merry fellow Tom de Burgh was at Saint Bees school; tall and strong, and much given to mischief, and it will be hard for him to keep his hands still in this strait.

"December 26th. I had just finished writing, and sat thinking, when I heard a tap at the window. I hearkened, and hearing it repeated, went softly out at the door. It was a dark, rainy night, and the river was rushing down very heavy. Seeing nothing, I turned to go in, when some one put a hand over my mouth, and seizing mine arm, whispered somewhat that the wind and noise of the river hindered my hearing. I tried to free myself, but was dragged before the open door, when a faint light shining on his face, who held me, I saw it was Ned. I knew something was wrong, and brought him in, and barred the doors; and first he begged for food, being half famished, and then he told me he had escaped from Clifton Moor, by favor of the darkness, and had come to us thinking to get into Whitehaven next day, and leave the country somehow. He begged pardon for bringing us into danger, and besought me to keep him till dawn, and give him a change of clothes. I was heartstricken to see the poor lad, pale and worn out with his week's wanderings and hidings; his bright, curly hair all wet and muddy, and his torn and draggled Highland dress—the tartans partly hid by a ragged shepherd's plaid. He showed me the fatal white cockade hid in his bosom, which I would have burned then and there; but no, he said the cockade given him by the prince should never leave him. I called up Anne, and great was her grief to see her favorite brother in such plight; so that sad story of the battle had to be talked over again, and all the night we sat up with the poor lad, until towards four of the morning, when we gave him an old suit of mine, and with many tears sent him away, Anne cutting off his long hair, the more to alter him. Woe's me for the Chevalier! Hearing Ned, one seemed to see the battle, and Squire de Burgh sustained no small damage in the dis-

turbance, having to supply provender for the soldiers, who lay at Penrith—but, protesting that had he not favored the prince, not a straw should have left the tower, while he and his five sons had breath to defend it; the which I verily believe, for the de Burghs had ever a high spirit of their own. And then the second time Ned saw the old tower! the hurried march from Penrith, and Cumberland's dragoons coming up, and the winter twilight falling on fighting and bloodshed and death; and waving plumes were laid low, and in many a throat death choked the Highland war-cry, and then the dragoons overpowered them, and it was all over; and Ned stole away by by-ways and wandering for a week, being almost starved, came to us. Oh, woe is me, for him, and all that were on that bloody moor that night!

"*December 30th.* News of the prince's escape, whereat we rejoice, but grieve as much for the many gallant gentlemen taken and beheaded at Carlisle. Ned as yet free; a dark and gloomy time in truth. . . .

"*March 10th, 1746.* A line from Ned tells us of his safety: he sailed from Whitehaven for Havre; he has enlisted in the French army, with many of his brother officers, whereof we know not whether to be glad or sorry, looking at the French as our natural enemies, but withal those who have befriended our lawful king.

"*August 7th, 1746.* Methinks in my second happiness, I have too much forgotten that it must all pass away like the first, for a very bitter trial has been laid upon me. Jack is sorely ill, like to die—this burning hot weather has given him a sunstroke, and the doctor calls it now brain fever. The boy with his mother's eyes and smile! Grievously it brings back to me that fearful summer day. I seem to see her die again. Anne watches and nurses him, like her own, and he loves her even in the ravings I hear through the thundery air."

The vicar had been so proud of Jack, the handsome lad of sixteen, who brought the head prize from Saint Bees, these Midsummer holidays, so proud of his talent, so dotingly fond of the blue eyes and sunny smile, which recalled the bride of seventeen years ago, and now was dying; and Polly with her quiet voice and helpful ways, could no more comfort him than Anne; but little altered in these eight years, now bending her peaceful

face over the raving death-bed of the son of the best beloved. Mr. Kendale cannot bear to be pushed away in his wild fever, cannot bear the unrecognizing look of those eyes, and he goes down into his garden, the present grief and the past one strangely blended in his mind. The heat has turned to thunder, and all round heavy clouds are surging up, while in the west a lurid yellow sky sheds a strange, unearthly light over the darkening world. Awe steals over him, and thunder begins to roll, and lightning flashes bright before his eyes, and a breeze begins to moan high up in the ash trees; and his life seems to stand still while he thus waits. Now large raindrops plash on the dry earth, and a mighty peal of thunder cracks overhead, and forked and serpent-like flashes the red lightning, and in that tumult Polly comes to him with frightened eyes, and eager steps; let him describe it:—

"She told me to come if I would see my living boy; I went, the raving had gone, and happy visions had come to soothe his last hour—Anne held his hand, and in the awful roar of the thunder, and the yellow glare of the lightning, a happy smile on his face, my boy left me."

All the hot August, and the beautiful harvest weather, the vicar pines for his boy. "My boy too dearly loved, taken like his mother, because I made an idol of him, —taken in his youth and strength, for his happiness, for my most bitter punishment."

"*September 30th.* These quiet autumn days, I know not why, seem to calm my sorrowing soul; the cleared fields, the hazy hills, and the leaves that sink so silently to the earth, are messengers of peace. I shall rejoice when the green leaves are gone, that saw his blithe home coming, and the flowers that made so fair the last summer he was to see,—the summer that seems so loath to leave us, but is dying, day by day."

During the autumn, cheerfulness returns to the vicarage: in November, the diary says: "Surely was never man so blessed as I, in a good helpmate and darling childrent! Anne is the blessing of all she goes nigh—where her sweet eyes rest, no despairing sorrow can come; and Polly and Katie are bonny lassies, though I say it; they differ—Polly quiet and demure, and elder than her thirteen years, and Katie still in mischief, and takes but little to her needle, though sharp at

her book—she has a fiery temper, and it oft goes to my heart to have to punish her. Then there are the little ones, Anne, and Harry, and little Caleb—the little ones, whose baby voices came where I thought no baby voice would ever be again. I should be very grateful—I would fain hope I am.”

And so the peaceful months go on, with no greater event than the hay and corn harvests, and the apple gathering, and the steward's Christmas parties, and once a visit to Patterdale, till two years have passed in quiet content.

“October 1st, 1748. Martindale. We are here to meet Anne my sister, her husband and children. 'Tis the first time she has been to her old home since she married, and the first time my wife has been here with me, her husband; albeit I came when we were at Patterdale, two years gone. The old man is failing; methinks after this time we shall see him no more, but his spirits are as blithe as ever, and he rarely enjoys having his grandchildren about him. Anne's husband suits me well, and Anne herself, ah me! how changed from the romping maiden who, nigh twenty years ago, wore garlands at Pepperholm for our boy; my wife left me in the old room alone to meet her, awaiting her, as in bygone years, I awaited her sister. The September sunshine kept up my heart, though our summer and its sweetest blossoms had passed—the sun was still warm and bright; and many flowers bloomed gayly in the little garden; she came—we were silent for a minute, all we had lost and gained since our eyes last met, came upon us; then we talked of many things, and she went and brought her husband and her children, and methought my boy had come back to me in one of hers. She is still a handsome and matronly woman. And I brought my wife and they greeted her as a sister, and my five bairns did my wife show, not a little proud to call so tall and likely a lassie as Polly, her daughter. And once more there is a circle round the old house-fire, and the missing ones are in our thoughts; though our words are merry, for we know that it is well with one, and well too, we hope with Ned, who prospers on his American clearing, and is content with his new country.

“October 6th. My wife and I have had many walks here—paths untrod by me for twenty years, when life lay bright before me,

and by my side she walked and smiled. Now we stand by the spring, whose clear cold waters bubble through the brown earth and sing away among the moss, by which I told her how I loved her. 'I am young again—the July sunshine beats on us, the awful silence of the mountains is around us, only broken by the distant lowing of the cattle far below, or the hum of a home-bound bee, which flies past us and is gone, or perchance the loud beating of my heart. Again the little figure is by my side, her straw hat twined with purple heather, and her hand rubbing the lichen from the rock, as she looks far away to the distant fells that are shining in the summer sunshine. But I awaken, the rock is here, and the spring, and the smell of the heather, but she is far away, and the daisies cover her grave in the chancel's shade. And I need to turn to the peaceful face of Anne, whose clear eyes look pityingly at me, and I am comforted.”

They returned to Lyssel, and their life goes on unruffled in its quiet course, and Polly teaches the little ones their A. B. C., and Katie is sometimes naughty and vexes her father, who cannot bear to see her bright little face clouded; his tender heart cannot bear a shadow on the lives of the children.

“Christmas, 1748. Methinks we never had a happier Christmas than this, even in long buried days. It is indeed a season of peace and good-will, and a letter from Ned crowns our joy, for he is married to a bonnie Scotch girl, whose father was in the same trouble as he. . . .

“May 18th, 1749. The comforter lent me in my deep sorrow has left me. Her work was done; and the Heaven which gave, hath taken her away. In this sweet spring weather, when all things are growing, and lambs playing in the fields, and birds singing in the flowery hedges, my wife left me—left me with words of love and hope, and with the smile that never in all these years hath failed me; left me to become the angel above she hath been to me on earth. To-day we have laid her in that thrice sacred spot—not alone; with the baby form whose spirit flew away to hers, feeling this world too cold and bleak without her for such a tender blossom.

“May 26th. Not with the wild, rebellious sorrow of former days I think of my loss; I can look back with thankfulness to all the happy years; and think how little I deserved

my blessings when I murmured so bitterly, and with such a despairing heart, at my youthful trial. The serenity of last Christmas seems to be with us still, to keep our hearts from sinking.

"June 21st. I remember me of a midsummer day, long ago, when Mary and I went up the Haigh to see where the sun set, and marked the place on paper. I and my children have done likewise to-day. I found the old paper with the outline of the hills, and we took it with us. How strange to see the sea, the hills, and river all the same, when so much has passed away. And so it will be in all the coming years, when I too shall be gone, and young hearts will look at this view, all golden with hope and joy, and perchance may live to see it pass away as mine, the face of nature all unchanged."

And years pass on, leaving their simple record in the diary—the boys go to school at St. Bees, and the vicar and his right-hand, Polly, teach Anne and Katie all they know. 'Tis but little book-learning the good eldest sister gets, after she becomes the young head of the house; but "it is pretty," Mr. Kendale writes, "to see her joy when the little ones can play a tune on the harpsichord that was Anne's or work a red rose with worsted, and such bonnie lassies they are!" And in due time some one else besides their father thinks so. "Darling Katie" marries a curate, and settles near Martindale, and "is as happy as even a doting old father can wish." Anne too marries, after a while, a well-to-do young statesman near the border. The boys, Harry and Caleb, go away, one to Queen's College, Oxford, where his father's university days were spent, the other to be a sailor. "Nothing but the sea will suit him," writes the vicar, "so I bid good-by to my youngest born, and saw him sail away below the horizon, hoping, though not much expecting, that the hidden years will bring him back to me." And he and his faithful daughter stay by themselves in the lonely vicarage; and the years bring no change to their placid life, only when at intervals the sisters come to dwell for a while in their old home, or Polly goes to welcome to the world some little new nephew or niece, or a ship letter comes from the sailor, telling of coral reefs, and palm-trees, and dusky, gentle savages, and always ending, "my best love to dear father, and dear Polly, and some day I shall see you and

the old vicarage again." But that day never shone, for the sailor passed away to the things that were, and nothing remained to them but the picture of the curly-headed boy they sent away; but he is not dead to his faithful sister—always to her, he is sailing over far-away blue seas, where the breeze is soft and laden with spice, and the sun always shines on his path. . . .

"November 4th, 1762. Is it indeed true that my dear girl's youth is passing? I can see the streaks of gray in her brown hair, brought there more by care, alack, than age—she has had too much to do and think about. It makes me an old man to think of her childish days, when she played with Jack in the field, and Mary laughed to see them. It is but a dull life she leads with her old father. I wish Harry would oftener come to see us—he is my only son, but he loves Oxford better than home; it is fain to be dull here at Lysell for a young fellow, and I am glad he gained the fellowship, that he might bide still at his college. . . .

"July 10th, 1775. 'Tis long vacation time, and Harry is here, and the girls and their bairns, and I hear them laughing in the hay-field. Methinks I see Mary when Katie smiles and plays with her babies; and look how they are rolling in the hay! Anne is demure and sits with her knitting, under a tree, by Polly, to whom all look up as of old. I could think it thirty years back when I see the sport, and hear the river rippling, and smell the sweet flowers growing where they were planted, in bridal days long ago."

The diary is interrupted—a sailor desires to speak to "his reverence." Mr. Kendale goes out to the door, and his children, and his children's children gather round him. It is news of the sailor boy who was drowned ten years ago. The sailor carries two large scallop shells, pink-tinted and pearly, in his hands, and awkwardly offers them to the old man, who stands trembling before him: "They are what your son held fast at his death, master." And then the rough seaman tells them how Caleb was one who was to go on shore for water, once when they were off a rocky barren island—a heavy surf was running up to the shore, and, in passing through it, the boat capsized, and three of its crew were lost. The bodies were found, and in Caleb's hands were clasped the scallop shells. He had picked them up for his father,

on the shore, and clutched them fast in his drowning agony. They buried him under a rock; and this was all—all but a lock of fair hair, cut off wet from the drowning surf, and preserved by his comrade, during ten years' hardship and wandering, to be brought at last to the old vicarage.

A silence falls on them all—the vicar looks wistfully at his boy's present so long delayed, and then he and Polly, more to each other than all the world beside, go away together; and the rest sit under the trees and talk with the stranger of the sailor brother, half-forgotten, and the children return to their play, awed by their grandfather's look of sorrow. And the shells are placed on the mantel-shelf, in the room where his mother and Polly's mother died, and Polly looks at them every day, and kisses their rough forms.

And now in the diary are but records of the harvest, Harry's visits, and the birth of two grandchildren, till the winter of 1781-2, which was a very severe one, and Mr. Kendale writes:—

"*February 2nd.* Polly and I both laid up, and can scarce creep about the house. Very long are the days and nights this dark and gloomy time. What should I do without my dear girl?

"*March 1st.* The lengthening days seem to bring back health and cheerfulness to us. Polly is well again; but my cough hangs about, and troubles me sorely in my breathing.

"*April 12th, 1782. Easterday.* I feel that the end of my long pilgrimage is at hand—the sunshine brings not any more light and warmth to me. I tried to read prayers, this day, of rejoicing, but was fain to let young Simpson do it for me. I have spoken my last to my people—a solemn thought! How many I have baptized, married, and buried during my long ministry! How old and withered are the young faces I remember, when in my youth and joy I first saw them! What fair hopes I have seen withered, what bright promise unfulfilled! And have I done good or harm? That thought almost overwhelms me, when I remember I have looked my last from the familiar place, on the familiar faces, and have heard for the last time that glorious Easter anthem, which has so often raised my heart from sorrows of earth to hopes of Heaven!"

The vicar's entries are becoming very short, and the handwriting very tremulous; he records the little things that amused his fading hours: "A blackbird building in the hedge," "the first cowslip," "walked in the garden with my dear girl's arm,"—till a Sunday evening comes, when he writes:—

"*April 30th, 1782.* Methinks I shall walk no more in my garden. To-day, after the evening service, I walked to the churchyard, and sat a while in that dear and sacred spot beneath the chancel window, where I shall rest so soon. Many thoughts crowded my mind, of all the changes and chances of this mortal life, since fifty-three years ago I first stood here, and looked into the future. I wish that, in years to come, when sorrowing hearts shall weekly pass my grave, that it could tell them how soon it will all be over,—the agony that seemed undying, the dreary years that followed,—how soon these years will bring them where I am,—to the borders of 'the land which is very far off' and yet so near. Truly that is a comfortable text which says, 'The fashion of this world passeth away.'"

"*Mem.* This was the last my honored father ever wrote. That night he was taken with the breathlessness which never left him. He came down-stairs no more, but sat in the window where my mother died. When he could, he spoke of her, and of my step-mother, and of all his children. The last day he wandered, and thought he was with my mother on the fells at Martindale. On Sunday, May 7th, he heard the bells ringing for afternoon service, and tried to get up, and said, thinking I was my mother, 'Mary, it is church time,' and then sank down and died.—M. K., 1782."

Mr. Kendale was buried in the place he had chosen in his youth and happiness. The serenity and peace shed over his last years seemed to be with his children, as they took their last farewell of his face, calm in death, and as they followed him to his last resting-place, through the garden paths so long haunted by his footstep, that sunny spring day, when all nature seemed to rejoice that the long and weary journey was over, and that the good man had gone to his rest.

His parishioners raised a stone to his beloved memory, telling his name and age, and how long he had been their vicar and faithful friend.

From Chambers's Journal.

### THE LEECH-MERCHANT OF MARASH.

SOME few years ago, whilst out with a party of friends on a sporting tour through the districts which embrace the pachalics of Adana, Aleppo, and Marash, we halted at the latter city to repose a while after our fatigues and exposure, and in so doing became the guests of the brothers Artous, who were the only Europeans there resident, and whose presence was only tolerated by the fanatical and almost exclusively Turkish population, because they held employment under the Ottoman government. They were the farmers who held the exclusive privilege of fishing for leeches throughout these districts; and from this monopoly they annually derived a considerable surplus income, despite the extravagant sum originally paid to the government, and the many small and vexatious exactions on the part of the local authorities, which they were compelled to submit to with the best grace they could command.

The elder Artous—there were three brothers in all—had discovered this field of wealth under the most singular and remarkable circumstances. Like ourselves, he, in company with some French captains, had journeyed thither, intent upon sport, and amidst their rambles had stumbled across the extensive marshes about here, which teem with snipe and water-fowl of all kinds at certain seasons of the year. The party had spread themselves along the borders, agreeing upon a certain rendezvous for their midday *déjeuner*, and soon after Artous waded in amongst the rushes in search of game. The sun glared fiercely down upon the unwholesome spot: and suddenly the young sportsman, unwatched by mortal eye, staggered, struck by a *coup de soleil*, and fell senseless, prostrate in the muddy water, which was fortunately very shallow thereabouts. Here, in all probability, he would have speedily succumbed, and become food for jackals, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that the place was literally alive with leeches; and scores of these hungry creatures speedily settled themselves about the bare throat and face of the sufferer. The loss of blood that ensued after a short while revived the man, and though exceedingly weakened, and a most pitiable object to behold, he managed to extricate himself from his unenviable position, and to draw towards the appointed rendez-

vous, where some of the shipmasters had already arrived, who, with the assistance of burned rags, contrived to stop the hemorrhage, and carried Artous to the nearest sheik's house, where he was hospitably nursed. Had it not been for the loss of blood, he must have expired where he fell; and if ever any remnant of him came to light, it would have possibly thrown the whole district into trouble, and affixed the stigma of a foul murder upon an innocent people. It was for Artous, however, a most happy calamity. He foresaw an inexhaustible field of riches, for he knew the value and the demand for leeches in France. He started off for Marseille at once, got his brothers to join stock with himself, went back to Constantinople, and there with the assistance of the French ambassador, made a compact with the sultan's government, and took undisputed possession of these horribly unwholesome, and, one would have thought, useless marshes, with a proper firman in his pocket. This had occurred some years before our visit, and the lease of the monopoly had in the interval on more than one occasion expired, and been renewed; he each time having been obliged to pay a larger and larger amount for the privilege; for the local authorities had found out what a treasure-trove this infidel Frank had stumbled across, and tried all in their power to oust him from his position. But the highest sum bid always carried the day, and Artous could at any time, with so promising a speculation to back him, have raised enough on 'Change at Marseille to have bought up all Adana.

Such is a brief outline of the antecedents of our friend the leech-merchant; and now a brief sketch of his every-day life and occupations, and of the domestic economy of his household arrangements, may not prove wholly uninteresting. The better to secure both his person and his property, he had taken up the lease of some six or eight ruinous old houses, each one of which bonated of an extensive courtyard, and which were situated in the immediate vicinity of the Serai or pacha's palace, where a considerable body-guard and the pacha's personal influence offered a safeguard to these venturesome strangers. Levelling the inner walls of separation, building up all the street-door entrances, save the one nigh to the pacha's palaces, which gate he had caused to be enlarged and strengthened, Artous had constituted of these

half-dozen or eight inclosures one immense and extensive compound, in which flourished a perfect grove of orange and lemon trees, and one or two stately and prolific apricots, whose shade was most acceptable and grateful during the heat of the day. There were, besides, one or two fountains in full play, and innumerable wells and reservoirs, these latter having been constructed with an eye to business. He had suffered all the houses to remain *in statu quo*, only devoting most of them to purposes very different to what they had been originally intended for. One, for instance, served as a reservoir for the peculiar clay in which the leeches have to be packed prior to being shipped; whilst the next house was piled up to the ceilings with the empty boxes, destined to contain both clay and leeches, all of which had finely perforated bottoms, so that the surplus water, which has to be poured over these boxes from time to time during the voyage, should ooze out, and not rot the cases and destroy the leeches themselves. A third house was a huge reservoir of full-grown leeches, wriggling horribly about in every thing that could serve to contain them, from an empty pickle-bottle to a large stone reservoir which had been constructed in the flooring. It was for the purpose of frequently supplying these with fresh water that so many wells and the fountains were found indispensable; for this precaution was necessary during the hottest month of the year, as much for the leeches as for the health of the human occupants, who had quite enough to contend against in local causes of pestilence, from the filthy and neglected streets, without cultivating a hot-bed of disease close by their very couches. The fourth house had been neatly fitted up as a counting-house, and was, indeed, exclusively devoted to this purpose; and here the business part of the premises may be said to have terminated.

In sudden and gratifying exchange for the clay and the leeches—and the whole of *their* portion of the yard was paved, except where orange and lemon trees sprouted—we came upon a fine soil, with gravel-walks, interspersed—with pleasant little arbors here and there, the whole being neatly laid out with roses and jessamine, and other sweet-scented flowers. One uncouth individual of our party suggested that a few onions and radishes would be far more useful and economic; but this Goth was obliged to hide his dimin-

ished head when he was told that a horse-load of the delicacies he envied could be purchased for about a halfpenny sterling.

Our friend the leech-merchant, being innately a cosmopolite, had very wisely determined, during his voluntary exile amongst the barbarians that surrounded him, to provide himself with every necessary and luxury, European and Oriental, that his purse could command. His store-rooms were a perfect sight, and one certainly that no one could dream to meet with in the very heart of a fanatical Turkish town. Wines, beer, spirits, liqueurs, champagne, sardines, hams—hear it, O gray-bearded mufti!—cheeses, sausages, pickles; in fact, every thing that oilman's, brewer's, and wine merchant's stores combined could produce. Then his kitchen had been constructed upon a European model; and until a bad fever had cruelly deprived him of his aid, Artous used to rejoice in the skill of an *artiste*—a veritable French cook—whose fame had attracted captains and foreigners of all descriptions from every seaport within a score or so of miles. But he, alas! was gone the way of all flesh, and an Armenian from Aleppo had stepped into his shoes; a very sorry substitute indeed, we were told.

The leech-merchant's house itself was a strange mixture of European and Oriental taste—one, however, not ill adapted to the climate. He had French-polished bedsteads side by side with Turkish divans; chairs were confined to the dining-room; walnut-wood wash-hand stands, with oriental ewers and basins in the bedroom; some floors covered with Egyptian mats, some with Turkoman carpets, some with French manufactured oil-cloth. What was an extraordinary treat for us, he had positively chests of capital tea; and as there was very excellent milk procurable in the town, we enjoyed this beverage in spite of the mufti and the ulemas, and all the other fanatics of the town. In another room in the house there was plenty of food for the mind—books and pamphlets, files of newspapers and a microscope; and, dreadful innovation! even a photographic machine, with which Artous amused himself during many a dull hour, taking likenesses of his unconscious workmen in the yard who were all bigoted Turks, and who would have left him, to a man, could they dreamed that their physiognomies were being transferred by the aid of the sun for a lot of Franks some day or other to be laughing at

their beards; and to do them justice, they were the ugliest set of ruffians one could easily clap eyes upon. Their poverty and not their will consented to labor for a dog of a Christian, and eat his salt.

An irruption of travellers had always been a godsend to the hospitable little leech-merchant, but of late years such events had become very rare indeed, and his had been a sad, dull life of monotony, though his business gave him full occupation during the day. It seldom happened that either of his brothers could remain with him for a longer space than a week or so at intervals of months, so that he was completely isolated from all society save such as he could derive from conversing with the Italian doctor of the troops, who was a clever man, but a renegade and a misanthrope to boot; so Artous was entirely dependent upon his own resources. It was necessary that one brother should be travelling to and fro through the district to visit the various agents, and to keep an eye upon petty doctors and other poachers, who, whenever an opportunity offered, infringed upon the fishing monopoly, and embarked upon small private speculations greatly to his detriment. The other brother passed his life in perpetually voyaging to and fro between Marseille and Mersina (the seaport town of Tarsus), conveying batches of leeches to the French markets, superintending their care during the voyage, and thence returning only for a fresh supply. Hence it arose that the elder Artous was almost always alone; and the following was, as he told us, and as we witnessed, the every-day routine of his life through a series of long years.

He had upwards of two hundred and fifty mén, women, and children in his employment, whom he paid at the rate of so much per dozen for leeches, the price varying according to the size and quality. Although these poor wretches—and a more deplorable sickly-looking set it is hard to conceive—had nothing to rely upon for their daily food, coarse and scant as that was, except their occupation of leech-fishing, they were innately so indolent, that Artous himself was obliged to rouse them up at daybreak, and drive them before him into the marshes; the fishery is always bad after the heat of the day sets in, as the leeches are apt to die by hundreds on being transported from the marshes to the store-rooms, so that it is necessary they should

be in the water betimes; there with naked legs which very soon streamed with what poor blood their veins contained, they would dabble about for a couple of hours or so sprinkling salt upon every fresh batch that had affixed themselves, so as to detach them, and inserting them into deep narrow earthen bowls, half filled with muddy water. During this interval, our host, who possessed a capital stud and plenty of good dogs, amused himself by coursing and shooting in the vicinity, always, however, accompanied by a couple of body-servants, in case of any accident. Game he always bagged in abundance; and amongst other things to be met with at his house was a tame young bear, which he had picked up during one of his rambles; a flamingo that had been winged, but was recovering; a pelican that entered for himself every day in the lakes nigh at hand, and regularly came back home by sunset; and innumerable other small fry in the shape of birds and beasts of all descriptions.

About ten o'clock, the leech-merchant and his grotesque-looking crew would hurry home through the shadiest streets; and refreshing the leeches by a fresh supply of water, he would leave his overseers to count and pay for them, and then see them properly disposed of before the people were dismissed for the day. Seldom, very seldom did he employ them during the evening, but then, of course it was at their own option to remain out all day if they chose: for as many live leeches as they brought in they would be sure to get paid for.

After *djéjeuner*, which was usually partaken of *al fresco* under an apricot—where often in the season luscious ripe fruit plumped into your plate invitingly—one or two old Turkish officers, with slippers down at heel and pipe in hand, would stroll in to have a chat with the "Salukjee Bashi" (lit., the head of the leeches), and may be play a few games of draughts or dominos with him, with an ultimate eye to a large tumbler of French wine. Then from midday, when Turkish guests retire for prayers and dinner, and the after-dinner siesta, the solitary leech-merchant finds solace for a while amongst his books or papers, or under the influence of Latakia tobacco, speculates upon the probable results of the living stock on hand; else he betakes himself to his counting-house, and plunges fathoms deep into accounts or speculations,

or sets to with a hearty good-will to rattle off a long business and private correspondence which can be closed at any future date, as opportunity presents itself for forwarding a mail. Then, again, at intervals of every seven days, a hot and tired government Tartar would rap furiously at the outer door, and pleasantly interrupt the monotony of every-day life at Marash by handing in packets of letters and bundles of newspapers, which are a very god-send to the leech-merchant in this solitude, and afford his mind pleasant recreation during those dull and dark hours intervening between his six o'clock dinner and bedtime; an interval when the whole city is hushed to rest—the people having retired to rest with the cocks and hens—when even his very servants are drowsy over their evening pipes, and the solitude and desolation would prove insufferable but for the absorbing interest contained in the file of French papers; or when these are wanting, even the meagre Constantinople one, with its gratifying intelligence about the sultan attending mosque regularly, serves to pass off a dull hour or so; and what with chiboukes and something hot before turning in, the time drags on some way or another, and it is a consoling thought to the exiled leech-merchant to know that every succeeding week is adding to the bulk of his banker's account, and shortening the distance between his present life and that which he has in perspective, should his days be prolonged.

Once a year, as the proper season approaches, and the arrival of the Marseille brother announces the fact, a perfect revolution seizes upon the leech-merchant's every-day life, and from early dawn until close upon midnight all is bustle and hurry within doors.

Then are all the meagre leech-fishers hard at it filling the empty cases, now with a layer of soft clay, then with a thick layer of writhing leeches, then another layer of clay, then more leeches, and so on alternately; taking care to moisten the clay well as they go along from a pitcher close at hand. Carpenters there are, too, nailing up the boxes as soon as they are packed, or constructing fresh ones against any urgent demand. Other laborers are piling them up in convenient sizes and weights, so as to form loads for camels or mules, and cording them together strongly. Camel-drivers and muleteers add to the turmoil, squabbling amongst themselves about respective weights and loads. Custom-house officers are here too noisy for *bucshish* over and above the duty levied; and a military-looking Turk, in one slipper and one boot, who is the pacha's private secretary, whispers significantly to Artous that the season has been a profitable one, "*Il Hamdül Allah!*" (God be praised), and that the pacha would like to drink prosperity to the said merchant and his friends in a dozen or so of real French cognac.

Finally, every thing is ready against a start; the young bear, and the pelican, and the wounded flamingo, are commended to the custody of the Armenian cook; and Artous and his friends vaulting into their saddles, take the lead of a caravan carrying some millions of leeches, which, in the course of a fortnight or so, will be far away at sea, freight paid, and cargo insured; and in a month or six weeks hence, our friend the leech-merchant has converted the disgusting but useful article he traffics in into solid and equally useful gold coins.

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AGAINST the far-spreading vices of the turf, there is but a small set-off, and even that questionable. For it is at least doubtful whether racing does now serve to improve the breed of horses, while it is quite certain that it frightfully demoralizes men. Many, indeed, are of opinion that breeding has been carried too far; but be that as it may, on the other hand the demoraliz-

ation of betting has increased and is increasing to a most mischievous and alarming extent. It has penetrated through all the strata of society down to the lowest, who will beg, borrow, or steal for a bet on the Derby. The evil, great as it already is, is growing, and yearly becoming worse, a canker in the habits of the people.—*Examiner.*

From Everybody's Journal.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at a house near the chapel in Warwick, on the 30th of January, 1775. His father, Walter Landor, a gentleman of good birth and property, took for his second wife Elizabeth Savage, of Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, an heiress of great wealth; and their eldest son, Walter Savage Landor, is the subject of our present sketch.

At an early age he was sent with a private tutor (the late Dr. Sleath, of St. Paul's) for education to Rugby, and subsequently was entered at Trinity College, Oxford; but being rusticated for firing off a gun in the quadrangle, never returned to take a degree.

Soon after leaving Oxford, and as early as 1793, he published a volume of poems, copies of which are now very scarce. Not very long after appeared a more important work from his pen, entitled "Gebir," which he wrote in Swansea, and which was most favorably noticed by Southey, in the *Critical Review*. This approval was amply satisfactory to Landor, who cared little or nothing for the opinions of smaller critics; and it induced him to translate it into Latin, and republish it in language.

Landor was at first designed for a soldier, and then for the legal profession; but his repugnance to military discipline, and his strong impulsive nature, rendered either course impracticable. How could a man be a lawyer and hold such opinions as these—

"In all law courts that I have ever entered,  
The least effrontery, the least dishonesty  
Has lain among the prosecuted thieves."

On the death of his father, he succeeded to the family domains, and acquired by purchase other estates in Monmouthshire; but, after expending much capital in the improvement of his landed property and in building a costly mansion, he became so disgusted with the ingratitude of some of his tenants, one of whom had absconded, some thousands of pounds in his debt, that he sold, in 1806, estates which had been possessed by his family for seven hundred years; and subsequently ordered the house which had cost him £8,000, to be demolished, to prevent, as he said, any son of his undergoing similar vexations.

At the breaking out of the war in Spain, in 1818, Landor was, it is said, the first Englishman who landed there to assist the Span-

iards in their struggle for independence. He raised a few troops at his own cost, conducted them from Corunna to Aguilar, the headquarters of General Blake, viceroy of Galicia, presented 20,000 reals to the cause, and received the thanks of the Supreme Junta of Madrid, and a colonelship in the Spanish service. When, however, the constitution, which had been framed by the Spaniards during their struggle for freedom was subverted, and King Ferdinand came to the throne, Landor returned the papers, with his commission, to Don Pedro Cevallos, saying that he was willing to serve a people in the assertion of its liberties against the antagonist of Europe, but that he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor.

In 1811, Mr. Landor married Julia, daughter of Jean Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Nieuveville, a descendant and representative of the nobleman of that name who was First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles VIII. In 1815, he went to Italy to reside, and during several years occupied the Palazzo di Medici, in Florence. He subsequently purchased the beautiful mansion and estates of Count Gherardesca, at Piesole, near that city, and here his family, all born in Italy, continue to reside.

In 1820, Mr. Landor published at Pisa his Latin work, entitled "Idyllia Heroica," with an appendix, describing the cause of modern authors in that tongue not being generally read. In 1824-29, appeared a prose work, which raised his fame still higher than his poetry had done; namely, his "Imaginary Conversations," in five volumes. These supposed dialogues between the great personages of past or of contemporary history were considered to be so admirably illustrative of the state of thought, and marked so delicately the peculiarities, of each individual introduced, that, with some slight exceptions, they were received with the greatest favor. In regard to those who took an opposite view, we may estimate our author's sentiments by his offer of a hot penny roll and a pint of stout for breakfast, to any critic who could pen one of such "Imaginary Conversations"—an indigestible pleasantries which was unlikely to procure Mr. Landor a more favorable consideration on another occasion.

Then followed (in 1831) a new edition of "Gebir, Count Julian and other poems;" "Letters of a Conservative, in which are

shown "the only means of saving what is left of the English Church," 1836; "A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors," 1836; the "Pentameron and Pentalogia," 1837; and "Andrea of Hungary and Giovanna of Naples," dramas, in 1839. All these were written in Italy. The following appeared after his return to England, and during his residence at Bath; namely, "The Helenies," 1847; "Imaginary Conversation of King Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgioso on the affairs and prospects of Italy," 1848; "Poemata et Inscriptiones," a new and enlarged edition: "Popery, British and Foreign," 1851; the "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," 1853; "Letters of an American" (published under the pseudonym of Pottinger), 1854; "Pericles and Aspasia;" "Dry Sticks Fagoted," 1858; besides frequent contributions to the pages of the *Examiner* newspaper. In the last-named book appeared some ill-advised and most objectionable poems, libelling a lady at Bath, to whom Landor had conceived an intense dislike. We shall not here revive the scandal, although we are, unfortunately, as biographers, obliged to note the fact. 'Twas a pity that a man with so brilliant a reputation should have been beguiled in his old age to sully his name in such a manner; but after all that may be said, it must be admitted that the services which he has afforded to literature during a long and illustrious life, are of too genuine and undeniable a character to prevent our recognizing, and paying due homage to, the great merits of the man and of the author.

In reviewing some of the incidents of Landor's literary life, it is interesting to remember his strifes and his friendships among his celebrated compeers. Southey in his note to the "Vision of Judgment" writes, "of the author of Geber and Count Julian I can only say in this place that to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and preserved his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honors of my life when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away." To this, Byron must of course respond in equally strong language, so he says in reply, "I neither envy him the friendship, nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it."

Lord Byron's friend and biographer, Anacreon Moore, speaks of Landor in the fol-

lowing terms, in his diary: "Breakfasted at Milnes', and met rather a remarkable party consisting of Savage Landor, Carlyle (neither of whom I had ever seen before), Robinson, Rogers, and Rice. . . . Savage Landor, a very different sort of person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros rejoui*, and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man."—May, 1838.

The Countess of Blessington styles Landor "one of the most remarkable writers of his day, as well as one of the most remarkable and original of men."

Emerson, in his "English Traits," says of him: "He is strangely undervalued in England—usually ignored—and sometimes savagely attacked in the reviews. The criticism may be right or wrong, and is quickly forgotten; but year after year the scholar must go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgettable."

Mr. Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of Poets," speaks kindly and reverentially of a great man. His description of his face and its expression is singularly apt. "You have no occasion to look deep and cautiously to discover his character; it is there written broadly on his front. All is open, frank, and self-determined. One can see that the quick instincts of his nature—that electric principle by which such natures leap to their conclusions—would render him excessively impatient of the slower processes of more common minds; that he must be liable to great outbursts of indignation, and capable of becoming arbitrary and overbearing; yet you soon find, on conversing with him, that no man is so ready to be convinced of the right, or so free to rectify the errors of a hasty judgment."

We have quoted the above writers, not only because it is interesting to learn how a man is esteemed by his professional contemporaries, but from our desire to excite in the popular mind a wish to study the works of Landor's undoubted master intellect. To have made an attempt at analysis of the productions themselves, in the brief limits to which this notice is necessarily confined, would prove simply useless. We can do better. We point out a mine of unexplored wealth—that is, so far as the great masses of the people

are concerned—and advise them to make researches here, to test the quality for themselves, and if it be, indeed, the golden ore which they obtain, they will soon learn to value it for its own sake.

An anecdote or two descriptive of Landor's personal manner, will not be out of place here, and will serve to conclude our sketch. The writer had once the honor of visiting Mr. Landor at his house in Bath, and was surprised to find such a number of good old paintings collected together in a small private house. Mr. Landor, however, informed him that there were only about three hundred there, but that he had as many more in Italy. "The king of Bavaria," he continued, "once sent his minister to me, to inspect them, and wished me to sell him some of them. 'Tell the king of Bavaria,' said I, 'that I have several good and bad paintings; the poor ones I will sell him, if he likes, the good I intend to keep for myself.'"

Speaking of the state of affairs on the continent, and more particularly of the French empire, Mr. Landor referred most favorably to the capacity of Louis Napoleon. "The emperor told me once," said he, "sitting upon

the very seat which you now occupy, that the best policy the government of France could adopt would be to ally itself closely with England; and this was long before he came to the throne. He is the first politician in Europe; in fact, nearly the only man now living who thoroughly understands European politics. I knew him intimately, used to meet him frequently, take long walks, and hold long conversations with him; and my opinion is that if his uncle, the First Napoleon had possessed the brains of this one, he would have held Europe in subjection until his dying day."

General Sir William Napier, who, besides being a soldier and an historian of first-class repute, is also a clever amateur painter, and a judge of pictures, alluding one day to a painting which Mr. Landor prided himself upon possessing, told him that he did not fully believe it to be a genuine Correggio. "Then I do," said Landor with all the emphasis and tone of superior knowledge, and would not listen to objections, but characteristically turned away, disdaining to hear further, for he himself had decided in its favor and his views were based, of course, upon accurate data.

HERBERT FRY.

**THE LAPPS AND NORWEGIANS.**—The present condition of these Lapps, their peaceful undisturbed existence; their freedom at all periods from persecution or oppression, is a grand evidence of the high moral character of the Norwegians. I am not aware of any other instance in the world's history of a people so weak, so helpless for self-defence, remaining for centuries in contact with an energetic, civilized, and altogether stronger people, and never attacked, pillaged, enslaved, or interfered with, except for the benevolent purposes of education, and moral and religious improvement.

The Norwegians have recently converted them from their strange old paganism, the worship of Thor, with its conjurations, magical drums and sacrifices to the stone effigy of the hammer-bearing god; have taught them to read and write, and when they fell into the habits of drunkenness sent apostles of temperance among them. The efforts of these temperance missionaries have been highly successful, and the drunkenness so common among the Laplanders when Mr. Laing resided in Norway in 1834-6,

is now very rare. *Those who talk about a law of nature enforcing with unrelenting fatalism the subjugation and destruction of an inferior race, when a superior and more highly civilized people come in contact with it, should visit this part of Norway, and study the present relations of the Norwegians to the Laplanders.* They would then, I think, modify the expression of this law, and rather say that when a strange, brutal, selfish and unscrupulous people come in contact with another people weaker than themselves, the self-styled civilized men endeavor to rob, murder, enslave, or oppress those whom they please to call the inferior race; and if the difference of strength is sufficiently great, the "civilized" people succeed in their efforts.

If I were a Norwegian, I should point to the encampments of these peaceful, defenceless, little people, as the noblest monuments of my country's honor,—monuments more worthy of the nation's pride than the trophies of a thousand victories on the battle-fields.—*From "Through Norway with a Knapsack," by W. M. Williams, Pp. 137-9*

From The Saturday Review.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.\*

THIS book has a special interest as a very curious triumph of bookmaking. The idea occurred to Mrs. Ellis that it would be very interesting to show how great men had been influenced by their mothers—how much of their greatness was derived from the maternal side—and how powerfully a mother's care had contributed to form their character and develop their genius. Not only did the projected work promise to throw a valuable light on many psychological questions of the highest importance, but it might be made to embrace a very fair amount of practical exhortation, and the mothers of lesser men might be prompted to take lessons from the wise course pursued in the striking examples selected of maternal prudence and success. The idea was excellent, and Mrs. Ellis set resolutely to work it out. Unfortunately, there was a dreadful deficiency of facts. With few exceptions, it turned out either that there was nothing remarkable in the lives of the mothers of great men, or they did not influence their sons, or nothing was known about them. Mrs. Ellis complains of the sad stupidity of biographers, who have generally omitted to speak at length of the mothers of their heroes, and very generally for no better reason than that they knew nothing whatever about them. But Mrs. Ellis was not to be stopped. She had got hold of a salable title for a book, and if there were no facts to match it, why *tant pis pour les faits*. She trusted confidently to her practised powers of bookmaking, and she is justified by the result. She has turned out more than four hundred pages of a handsome-looking octavo—her tone is moral, and her style labored. All that depended on herself she has done. If she happened unfortunately to be short of material, that was not her fault.

But she is put to some hard shifts to get through her task. She gives a minute sketch of all that was done for Alfred by the lady who superintended his early training, who formed his character, and directed the bent of his genius. Nothing is wanting, except that this lady should have been Alfred's mother, whereas she was not in any way connected with him by blood. Then comes

\* *The Mothers of Great Men*. By Mrs. Ellis. London: Bentley. 1859.

a life of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who certainly was a remarkable woman, but to whose right to appear in this collection there is the objection which Mrs. Ellis honestly points out, that her son can scarcely be called a great man. As she goes on, however, her conscience becomes more easy on this head, and we find her including among the great men whose mothers are to be noticed Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Watts. But the main resource is to speak of the great men whose mothers exercised no influence on their characters, and then speculate how the great men would have been altered if their mothers had exercised such an influence. Cowper's mother, for instance, died when he was six. Here is a great field opened. If she had lived longer, would Cowper have been equally mad? No human being can answer the question; and it may, therefore, conveniently be asked, in every variety of shape. "Who," says Mrs. Ellis, "is capable of dealing with the strange contradictions of our nature but woman—kind, sympathizing, hoping, trusting woman?" And as, of all women, a mother is the most sympathizing, the general influence of the female sex would have been doubled by the presence of a mother to whom the poet might have repaired in his dark hours. Evidently, if we once begin to imagine what would have been the result if a woman who died when her boy was six had lived till he was forty, the book that is to contain the disquisition is in a fair way to reach the desired length. In fact, this and one other little manœuvre help Mrs. Ellis out of her difficulties. Her other great source of materials is to select an historical personage, and go off into an abridgment of the history of the times. The life of Jeanne d'Albret occupies more than a fourth of the volume. Her son was indisputably a great man, but a fifth portion of the space might have contained all the matter that had any direct bearing on the relations of the mother and the son.

The only two satisfactory instances given by Mrs. Ellis of a mother whose son was really great, and who had a direct and traceable influence on that greatness, are the instances of the mother of St. Augustine and the mother of Napoleon. Not only was St. Augustine a very remarkable man and Monica a very remarkable woman, but the son owed to the mother the direction of his

thoughts, the purpose of his life, and the source of his greatest enjoyment. In those moments when St. Augustine was conscious that he reached the highest pitch of spiritual exaltation, he was also conscious that his mother soared as high as he did. It would be an abuse of language to term Monica a great woman in the same way that we term St. Augustine a great man, for he added to the piety and sublime feeling of his mother a remarkable degree of literary power and a great range of thought. We must also judge of all greatness by the test of success; and St. Augustine is principally to be called great because he, as a matter of fact, gave so much of its peculiar color to western Christianity. But the basis of his thoughts and feelings, his mode of viewing the relations between himself, God, and the world, had been derived from his mother. In a similar way we can trace a clear affinity between the character and mental constitution of Napoleon and those of his mother. There was the same stubbornness, the same largeness of thought, the same meanness in certain acts of common life, the same resolute determination to enforce the burden of their own personal ascendancy on all around them. There was in the mother a Corsican finess which degenerated into the enormous lying of the son—the grandest liar, probably, that the world has ever seen. Napoleon himself attributed many of his notions of government to the family system in which he had been brought up; and the plan of helping, bullying, and snubbing his brothers, according to the fancies or the exigencies of the moment, was founded on traditions that dated from his infancy. In a minor degree, and in the case of a lesser man than either of these two, the same connection is traceable between the character and career of John Wesley and the influence of his mother. The stern piety, the active, ardent affection, and the substantial, though limited, good sense of the mother, were reflected in the son. But there is nothing very remarkable in the relation which they occupied to each other, and there are probably many hundred English mothers who at this moment are exercising an influence of precisely the same kind.

In fact, the whole inquiry as to the influence of mothers on sons, as conducted by Mrs. Ellis, is utterly purposeless. For what is the exact question that is to be solved?

That mothers exercise an influence over their sons is obvious; but there is no reason to suppose that the qualities which make a man great are more dependent on this influence than any other set of qualities. If Mrs. Ellis' book proves any thing, it proves that there is no rule whatever on the subject, and no lesson whatever to be learned from it. It does not need an octavo volume to establish that a man of extraordinary gifts is likely to render those gifts more profitable to himself and others if he has a very pious, wise, strict, loving, charming woman to guide him in infancy and youth. But no one can say that great men have, as a rule, had such good fortune. Greatness depends on qualities that are entirely personal to the individual, which defy analysis, and cannot be traced to any distinct source. They are affected in their development by an endless variety of circumstances, and a most important circumstance is the sort of mother who has the control of them in their earliest stage. But they are quite independent of her. Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte had the same mother as Napoleon. What made him great was that which he had besides what they had; and the ultimate result of all inquiries of this sort is to convince us that it is hopeless to ask why one individual differs from another. Physical science is utterly at a loss to account for this difference. There is no perceptible variation in the size or quality of the brain, or of the nervous system, that will in the least account for the superior activity of the mind or the greater firmness of the will. And the history of mankind shows that the most we can do in accounting for the mental constitution of individuals is to construct propositions that are confessedly empirical, and are extremely uncertain as summaries of facts. It is, for instance, a common remark that intellect descends through the mother, and evidently there is a sort of truth about this remark, for every one's experience will immediately bring to his memory several instances that corroborate it. But when we come to ask in what sense and how far it is true, we soon find the limit of our knowledge. Fathers are apt to have injustice done to them, because it is tacitly assumed that if the father's intellect is to be allowed to tell on his son's, it ought to be the equal of his son's, whereas much less is expected from the mother. Bacon's father, Fox's father, Queen Elizabeth's

father, Sir Robert Peel's father, were none of them men of great intellect, but they were all of them men of sufficient intellect to have made the fortune of a mother. There are plenty of instances where remarkable women have had sons none of whom have been remarkable, and of remarkable men who have had mothers below the average in intellect and character. Lord Byron's mother, for example, was one of the most foolish women of her day; and her son, when he had outgrown the irritation inspired by her absurd treatment of him, saw in her nothing but an object of ridicule. And it is equally impossible to get any moral out of the subject as to get any definite psychological fact. There is no use in exhorting women to be good

mothers because their sons may possibly be great. According to Mrs. Ellis' theory—which may be true or not—the mothers of great men are generally superior persons. Perhaps there may be in England at this moment three or four young mothers whose sons are going to be great. A large proportion could scarcely be expected to exist. By the hypothesis, these three or four young mothers are superior women, and therefore all that Mrs. Ellis' moral comes to is to exhort these three or four superior unknown young mothers to do their duty to their children. Of the contents of her volume we cannot therefore think very highly. That she has managed to make the volume somehow is the important fact for us, and probably for her.

**APPLICATIONS OF SILICA.**—The subject of the various applications of Silica is gradually assuming large dimensions, and whether in the form of "soluble glass," applied for the preservation of absorbent stones and cements, or as in the case of the manufactured siliceous stone now largely used, it must be regarded as one of the most important applications of science to practice at present before the public.

Mr. F. Ransome, of Ipswich, as our readers have seen in our reports of the Sectional proceedings, read a communication on the subject at the late meeting of the British Association, and since then we have had opportunities of learning somewhat more about his several processes.

We have taken some trouble to inquire how far M. Kuhlmann's process for preserving stone by the simple application of the soluble silicate or "water-glass," on the surface of buildings already erected, is successful.

We hear that not only at the Houses of Parliament in this country, but that also in Paris, in those portions of the Louvre and Notre Dame which were experimented upon with the water-glass, the result has been inefficient and unsatisfactory. The hardening of the film by the action of the atmosphere, although a possible result if time and circumstances are favorable, has failed in practice, owing in part to the facility with which the water-glass or silicate is removed by the moisture.

Mr. Ransome's process consists in the application of a solution of muriate of lime, which immediately enters into combination with the silica of the water-glass, and forms silicate or lime—a perfectly tenacious, insoluble, and indestructible substance, which completely fills up all the interstices and pores of the stone, etc., rendering it impermeable and non-absorbent.

The great desideratum, unquestionably, has been to find some means of rendering stone impermeable, without the introduction of oily or fatty matter; or, in other words, by means of some substance that cannot be decomposed or injured by exposure either to the oxygen of the air, or to any of those vapors so commonly mixed with the air in large cities or in manufacturing districts.

Mr. Ransome's idea, of fixing a coat of silicate of lime, by taking advantage of the double decomposition that takes place when chloride of calcium comes in contact with silicate of soda or potash, both dissolved in water, seems to have settled the question. The discovery has not had so long a test as may be considered desirable before pronouncing on its merits; there is reason to be satisfied so far as we have gone.

The comparison of those parts of the Houses of Parliament treated in this way, or the Baptist Chapel at Bloomsbury, or other buildings submitted to the process, with any of those specimens of stone treated either by M. Kuhlmann's or other process, will show any observer how much the advantage is in favor of the more scientific, and at the same time simple, method.

We have often alluded to the progress made with this material, and find that our conviction of its value is strengthened as time goes on. It will be interesting to watch the application of the preserving process to the buildings in Paris and elsewhere where the simple solution of the soluble glass has been found to fail; and we understand, that not only is this about to be done, but that M. Dumas has already lent the sanction of his great name to the soundness of the chemical question involved therein.—*Athenæum*.

From The Spectator.

ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF BRITISH  
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.\*

WHATEVER oversight in plan or occasional errors in execution may be discovered in this gigantic undertaking by "the critic eye, that microscope of wit," the book should be in the hands of every person with the least pretension to be a student, or own a library. The first volume gets as far as Bishop Juxon—for who knows him as archbishop? but when the work is finished its muster roll of British and American writers will amount to some thirty thousand "or famous or obscure." The titles of anonymous writings will also be included, as the volume's last line following "Juxon," is "Jyl of Brentford. Testament in old verse, Lon., 4to" When any curiosity or interest attends an anonymous work, the mystery is entered upon with more or less fulness. For example, the *facts*, and leading arguments as to the Letters of Junius are exhibited, and very ably present the pith of the question. In the appendix will be given "a copious index of subjects, so that the inquirer can find at a glance all the authors of any note in the language, arranged under the subject or subjects on which they have written." There is also some useful introductory matter including tabular exhibitions of the principal writers from the Saxon period to the present century, which, though not complete for later times, and not professing so to be, are useful for their *coup d'œil*. Of course, a work of this kind must be in the main a compilation; no mortal could examine the lives and writings of thirty thousand men, even if he could procure them. The list of authorities that Mr. Allibone has "kept at his side" is, however, something stupendous, spreading over seven closely printed columns.

The first use of a work of reference is to find what you look for. Mere literary merit or skilful execution is quite subordinate to this characteristic; for the most dull or lax compiler can scarcely avoid furnishing you information as to the point you are inquiring about, if he includes the subject. The only true test of this quality is long use; for if time

\* *A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, living and deceased. From the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Containing thirty thousand Biographies, and Literary Notices; with forty indexes of subjects.* By S. Austin Allibone. Published by Childs and Peterson, Philadelphia; Trübner and Co., London.

enabled you to read the dictionary you could not be certain as to what was omitted. So far as we have been able to push our references either directly to single names, or continuously as it were through a series of writers on a particular subject, we have found Mr. Allibone responsive, except in the case of Barnes of the *Times*, who was a book writer also. The present editor appears.

Critically some exception may be taken as to order and plan or rather perhaps of execution. In dictionaries the first thing we require is facts. If men are the subject, when were they born, when did they die, what did they *do* in this world, and what are the dates of their chief doings, form the main features. An estimate of their influence upon the world, if they were of mark enough to directly influence it, is desirable. It is necessary to know their position or grade in their own walk; as say the rank of Milton among epic poets, and a list of his works. Additions much beyond these points seem to us to require consideration. We do not turn to a work of reference for biographical details, mere opinions, or even full criticism, especially from various hands; though it is an advantage to be told in what books this elaboration may be found. Not only does such fulness occupy space, that might be more usefully, we will not say better filled, but it is seldom wanted. We have adduced Milton as an illustrative instance, for the sake of emphasis; but in reality books of reference are rarely consulted with regard to well-known men, unless upon some specific information that might be tabulated. This principle is not thoroughly adhered to by Mr. Allibone. Neither has he had much regard to scale, or the relative importance of persons. Cook, the circumnavigator, occupies the third of a column. Goodrich (Peter Parley,) fills nearly eight columns, consisting mainly of lists of his books and squabbles about their authorship. It may be a right feature to quote the opinions of others as to the merits of the writer under consideration rather than to give Mr. Allibone's own, but perhaps he does not always sufficiently discriminate between criticism, opinion, and mere favorable notice, especially in living writers.

The arrangement, we think, might be improved, by adopting a chronological order in the more important names, and indeed in all, to facilitate reference, as a person generally

knows the age of a man he wishes to inquire about. From the number of writers frequently of the same name, and the absence so far as we can discover of any principle for the order in which they stand, there is some trouble (*not* difficulty) in finding them. This would be obviated by placing the principal persons first, and the men of lines and sentences afterwards, priority of birth in each class governing priority of position.

These defects, however, if defects they be, are rather errors of design than execution.

The shorter notes and notices are clear, the longer lives very carefully and ably done. In answer to the objection of fulness in critical quotation, Mr. Allibone may say that his work is intended for a "dictionary of literature," as well of authors, and that as to the length of the lives many may prefer it, especially in such lives as Byron, Goldsmith, and Johnson. This may be, but we think our remarks might be advantageously considered in a new edition, or even in the remainder of the work, if in time.

**ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL OF LORD MACAULAY.**—Lord Macaulay will be buried this week in Westminster Abbey. The sexton of the Dean and Chapter is busy opening a grave for our great historian—not with kings and knights of the Garter—not even with Stephenson or Telford—but in Poets' Corner, or the south transept of the Abbey. He will lie at the foot of Addison's statue, and close to the grave of Isaac Barrow, one of the great Trinity of Cambridge men, Macaulay's own college. The historian will not lie far off Camden—almost the father of English history—not far from what remains of May, the historian of the Long Parliament, and near to the remains of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan and Gifford, the Tory editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He will lie facing the statue of the poet of "The Pleasures of Hope," at whose funeral the noble historian helped (with wise selection) to bear the pall. The day of the funeral is, we believe, as yet unfixed.—*London Globe, January 2.*

**BROWN, TAGGARD, & CHASE, of Boston,** are engaged in a literary enterprise that will be hailed with satisfaction in all parts of the country. They have in press the complete works of Lord Bacon, to be issued in superb style in twelve crown octavo volumes. They intend to make this new edition of Bacon, for which a great necessity exists in the market, the beginning of a series of standard works of the first class. Every effort will be made to issue the volumes in a style of excellence and magnificence that shall surpass any thing yet produced by bookmakers at home or abroad. They will be printed upon the finest tinted paper, and bound in a style which for beauty and durability will commend itself to all tastes. Lord Bacon's works will be followed by a complete edition of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, including his novels, and poems, and his life by Lockhart. We commend this enterprise to the literary pub-

lic, in the full assurance that it will be in every respect worthy the most liberal support.—*Transcript.*

THE Board of Trade in the hardware line held their annual dinner at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Wednesday night. The dinner was superb, and the company was a joyous one. Speeches were made of the Union stamp, and songs sung of the same type, which were applauded loudly. The anvil song had music in it:—

"There's lots of prime old hardware,  
In all our States we feel,  
For Freedom keeps her guard where  
Each heart is true as steel;  
Our traitors are but shammers,  
Base metal bound to fly,  
When Union's mighty hammers,  
The nation's temper try.

"And now in grand communion,  
Let Sledge and Anvil be,  
To pledge our nation's union,  
From centre to the sea:  
With Freedom's banner o'er us,  
True Hardware men we'll stand,  
And sing the Union chorus,  
God bless our noble land:

I'm an old sledge hammer,  
Don't you hear me ring,  
With good old Union clamor,  
And a Constitution swing!"

**THE MOROCCO REFUGEES.**—The New York *Jewish Messenger* of this week informs us that upwards of ten thousand dollars have already been collected in this country for the relief of the exiled Jews at Gibraltar. When the reports from the western and California congregations are received, it may be safely asserted that the contributions in the United States will not fall far short of twenty thousand dollars.

From The New York Evening Post.

# THE ROSETTA STONE.

WE have before us a work of unusual character which may well excite attention, not only among professed antiquaries, but in all who appreciate pictorial illustration; and this not only by reason of the intrinsic interest of its subject, but from the curious history of its production, and the novelty of its style and execution.

We refer to a book entitled, "Report of the Committee appointed by the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania to Translate the Inscription on the Rosetta Stone."

The meaning of those strange inscriptions, with which every Egyptian monument whether obelisk, temple, or tomb, is covered, had, for wellnigh two thousand years, remained an impenetrable mystery: and after endless conjectures, which had simply served to make visible the darkness and uncertainty, the conclusion was reached that, to interpret this unknown language, written in unknown characters, from internal evidence, was an insoluble problem, and that, until some inscription with an accompanying translation into a known tongue was found, the subject must remain in its original "Egyptian gloom."

Such an inscription was, at the very time its need was most felt, found on the "Rosetta Stone," discovered near Rosetta, in Egypt, by a French officer in the year 1804. This stone is a large block of black basalt, bearing on its face three inscriptions, two in lost languages, the Hieroglyphic and Demotic, and one in Greek. From their position, and other circumstances, it was evident that the three inscriptions had the same purport.

Here, then was the key, and by its means Champollion and others entered the penetralia of Egyptian literature.

Yet, strange to say, this monument itself, though interesting from its historical bearings as well as literary connection, had never been thoroughly translated. Portions had been explained by Champollion and his followers, but nothing complete had been produced.

Under these circumstances, on a *fac simile* of this antique being presented to the society mentioned above, three of its members, Messrs. Hale, Jones, and Morton, were inspired with the idea of attempting this long-unaccomplished work. Three years of close study and application of information thus gained saw its accomplishment, and already (after six months) a second edition is before the public of this, as beautiful a work as the country has ever produced. For, besides complete translations of all three texts, philological and historical essays, of whose merit more anon—more than one hundred pages are decorated with illustrations and vignettes,

printed in colors, designed and drawn by one of the authors, Mr. Morton representing every thing that can be imagined in illustration of the subject—Egyptian warriors in their chariots, sculptors carving statues, porters moulding wine jars, interiors of temples with processions, coins and bronzes, flowers, plants, and trees of the country, paintings from the tombs, views of Philæ, Rosetta, Memphis, etc., in fact, all that is beautiful, graceful, and at the same time Egyptian. As Americans we feel proud of a work which has already met with distinguished approval from the savans of Europe. Among others, a letter was received from Humboldt, written less than two months before his death, in which he says:—

"The scientific analysis of the celebrated inscription of Rosetta, which, despite the confusion of the hieroglyphic style, remains an historic monument of great importance, has appeared to me especially worthy of praise, since it offers the first essay at independent investigation offered by the literature of the new continent. It is for this national relation that I especially greet this independent work. Little versed myself in this class of studies, I ought, however, to greet the so conscientious work of the learned committee of the Philomathean Society, since the results now obtained contribute to prove the justice of the system of Champollion, to which my brother, William Von Humboldt, was the first to render justice in Germany. The picturesque ornaments added by Mr. Henry Morton, add to the interest inspired by a work well worthy to be widely spread in your learned and free country.

"I pray Mr. Charles R. Hale to receive with kindness the homage of my sentiments of high and affectionate consideration. I have placed the book in the hands of Doctor Brugsch, who has already twice travelled through Egypt, and cleared up with sagacity the geographical division of the ancient Nomes of Egypt.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"THE BARON ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT.

"At Berlin, March 12, 1859."

Such a testimony, coming from such a man, is peculiarly gratifying to our pride in American scholars. Nor is the work unnoticed by eminent men at home. An article in reference to it, by Bancroft, appeared in the *Historical Magazine*, one by Professor Whitney, of Yale College, in the *New Englander*; a long notice in the *Crayon* for June, together with numerous private letters from Mr. Grote (the historian of Greece), Washington Irving, Mr. Everett, and others.

This work may be seen at the bookstores of Bailliere Bros., 440 Broadway, and of Roe Lockwood & Son, 411 Broadway.

From The Saturday Review.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.\*

THERE are few more touching books in their way than the last of the *Waverley Novels*. The readers of *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert of Paris* can hardly fail to see in those dreary pages the reflection of a proud and honorable man redeeming what he looked upon as his honor at the expense of his genius. Sir Walter Scott's desperate efforts to pay his debts by extracting the very last ounce of metal from a mine which had long been substantially worked out, deserve the respect and enlist the sympathy which is the due of high spirit and unflinching courage. The novels, to be sure, are as bad as bad can be; but to pay debts is a higher duty than to write good novels, and as monuments of what can be done in that direction by a determined man, they are not without their interest and value. They have, moreover, the negative value of being only bad. They are not offensive or insulting. The usual strong men, the usual terrific combats, and the usual upholstery are brought upon the stage. They are no doubt greatly the worse for wear; but if they were good of their kind, there would be nothing to complain of. The soup is cold, the mutton raw, and the fowls tough; but there are soup, mutton, and fowls for dinner, not puppy pie and stewed cat.

In the *Tale of Two Cities*, Mr. Dickens has reached the *Castle Dangerous* stage without Sir Walter Scott's excuse; and instead of wholesome food ill-dressed, he has put before his readers dishes of which the quality is not disguised by the cooking. About a year ago, he thought proper to break up an old and to establish a new periodical, upon grounds which, if the statement—and, as far as we are aware, the uncontradicted statement—of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans is true, were most discreditable to his character for good feeling, and we might almost say for common decency, and in order to extend the circulation of the new periodical he published in it the story which now lies before us. It has the merit of being much shorter than its predecessors, and the consequence is, that the satisfaction which both the author and his readers must feel at its conclusion was deferred for a considerably less period than usual. It

is a most curious production, whether it is considered in a literary, in a moral, or in an historical point of view. If it had not borne Mr. Dickens' name it would in all probability have hardly met with a single reader; and if it has any popularity at all, it must derive it from the circumstance that it stands in the same relation to his other books as salad dressing stands in towards a complete salad. It is a bottle of the sauce in which *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were dressed, and to which they owed much of their popularity; and though it has stood open on the sideboard for a very long time, and has lost a good deal of its original flavor, the philosophic inquirer who is willing to go through the penance of tasting it will be, to a certain extent, repaid. He will have an opportunity of studying in its elements a system of cookery which procured for its ingenious inventor unparalleled popularity, and enabled him to infect the literature of his country with a disease which manifests itself in such repulsive symptoms that it has gone far to invert the familiar doctrines of the Latin Grammar about ingenuous arts, and to substitute for them the conviction that the principal results of a persistent devotion to literature are an incurable vulgarity of mind and of taste, and intolerable arrogance of temper.

As, notwithstanding the popularity of its author, it might be an error to assume that our readers are at all acquainted with the *Tale of Two Cities*, it may be desirable to mention shortly the points of the story. The two cities are London and Paris. A French physician, who has just been released after passing many years in the Bastille, is brought over to England, where he lives with his pretty daughter. Five years elapse, and the doctor and his daughter appear as witnesses on the trial for treason of a young Frenchman, who is suspected of being a French spy, and acquitted. A year or two more elapses, and the doctor's daughter marries the acquitted man, refusing two barristers, one of whom had defended him, whilst the other was devil to the first. Then ten years elapse, and as the Revolution is in full bloom in Paris, all the characters go over there on various excuses. The Frenchman turns out to be a noble who had given up his estate because he was conscience-stricken at the misery of the population around him, and thought he had better live by his wits in London than have

\* *A Tale of Two Cities*. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

the responsibility of continuing to be a land-owner in France. He gets into prison, and is in great danger of losing his head, but his father-in-law, on the strength of his Bastille reputation, gets him off. He is, however, arrested a second time, and turns out to be the son of the infamous marquis who had put the father-in-law into the Bastille for being shocked at his having murdered a serf. On this discovery he is condemned to death, and his wife goes through the usual business—"If I might embrace him once," "My husband—No! A moment," "Dear darling of my soul," and so forth. Next day, before the time fixed for his execution, the rejected barrister—the devil, not the counsel for the prisoner—gets into the prison, changes clothes with the husband, stupefies him with something in the nature of chloroform, gets him passed out of the prison by a confederate before he revives, and is guillotined in his place.

Such is the story, and it would perhaps be hard to imagine a clumsier or more disjointed framework for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens' stock-in-trade. The broken-backed way in which the story maunders along from 1775 to 1792 and back again to 1760 or thereabouts, is an excellent instance of the complete disregard of the rules of literary composition which have marked the whole of Mr. Dickens' career as an author. No portion of his popularity is due to intellectual excellence. The higher pleasures which novels are capable of giving are those which are derived from the development of a skilfully constructed plot, or the careful and moderate delineation of character; and neither of these are to be found in Mr. Dickens' works, nor has his influence over his contemporaries had the slightest tendency to promote the cultivation by others of the qualities which produce them. The two main sources of his popularity are his power of working upon the feelings by the coarsest stimulants, and his power of setting common occurrences in a grotesque and unexpected light. In his earlier works, the skill and vigor with which these operations were performed were so remarkable as to make it difficult to analyze the precise means by which the effect was produced on the mind of the reader. Now that familiarity has deprived his books of the gloss and freshness which they formerly possessed, the mechanism is laid bare; and the fact that the means by which the effect is produced are really

mechanical has become painfully apparent. It would not, indeed, be matter of much difficulty to frame from such a book as the *Tale of Two Cities* regular recipes for grotesque and pathetic writing, by which any required quantity of the article might be produced with infallible certainty. The production of pathos is the simpler operation of the two. With a little practice and a good deal of determination, it would really be as easy to harrow up people's feelings as to poke the fire. The whole art is to take a melancholy subject, and rub the reader's nose in it, and this does not require any particular amount either of skill or knowledge. Every one knows, for example, that death is a solemn and affecting thing. If, therefore, it is wished to make a pathetic impression on the reader, the proper course is to introduce a death-bed scene, and to rivet attention to it by specifying all its details. Almost any subject will do, because the pathetic power of the scene lies in the fact of the death; and the artifice employed consists simply in enabling the notion of death to be reiterated at short intervals by introducing a variety of irrelevant trifles which suspend attention for the moment, and allow it after an interval to relevant to death with the additional impulse derived from the momentary contrast. The process of doing this to almost any conceivable extent is so simple that it becomes, with practice, almost mechanical. To describe the light and shade of the room in which the body lies, the state of the bedclothes, the conversation of the servants, the sound of the undertaker's footsteps, the noise of driving the coffin-screws, and any number of other minutæ, is in effect a device for working on the feelings by repeating at intervals, Death—death—death—death—death, just as feeling of another class might be worked upon by continually calling a man a liar or a thief. It is an old remark, that if dirt enough is thrown some of it will stick; and Mr. Dickens' career shows that the same is true of pathos.

To be grotesque is a rather more difficult trick than to be pathetic; but it is just as much a trick, capable of being learned and performed almost mechanically. One principal element of grotesqueness is unexpected incongruity; and inasmuch as most things are different from most other things, there is in nature a supply of this element of grotesqueness which is absolutely inexhaustible. When-

ever Mr. Dickens writes a novel, he makes two or three comic characters just as he might cut a pig out of a piece of orange-peel. In the present story there are two comic characters, one of whom is amusing by reason of the facts that his name is Jerry Cruncher, that his hair sticks out like iron spikes, and that, having reproached his wife for "flopping down on her knees" to pray, he goes on for seventeen years speaking of praying as "flopping." If, instead of saying that his hair was like iron spikes, Mr. Dickens had said that his ears were like mutton-chops, or his nose like a Bologna sausage, the effect would have been much the same. One of his former characters was identified by a habit of staring at things and people with his teeth, and another by a propensity to draw his mustache up under his nose, and his nose down over his mustache. As there are many members in one body, Mr. Dickens may possibly live long enough to have a character for each of them, so that he may have one character identified by his eyebrows, another by his nostrils, and another by his toe-nails. No popularity can disguise the fact that this is the very lowest of low styles of art. It is a step below Cato's full wig and lacquered chair which shook the pit and made the gallery stare, and in point of artistic merit stands on precisely the same level with the deformities which inspire the pencils of the prolific artists who supply valentines to the million at a penny apiece.

One special piece of grotesqueness introduced by Mr. Dickens into his present tale is very curious. A good deal of the story relates to France, and many of the characters are French. Mr. Dickens accordingly makes them talk a language which, for a few sentences, is amusing enough, but which becomes intolerably tiresome and affected when it is spread over scores of pages. He translates every French word by its exact English equivalent. For example, "Voilà votre passeport" becomes "Behold your passport"—"Je viens de voir," "I come to see," etc. Apart from the bad taste of this, it shows a perfect ignorance of the nature and principles of language. The sort of person who would say in English, "Behold," is not the sort of person who would say in French "Voilà;" and to describe the most terrible events in this misbegotten jargon shows a great want of sensibility to the real requirements of art.

If an acquaintance with Latin were made the excuse for a similar display, Mr. Dickens and his disciples would undoubtedly consider such conduct as inexcusable pedantry. To show off familiarity with a modern language is not very different from similar conduct with respect to an ancient one.

The moral tone of the *Tale of Two Cities* is not more wholesome than that of its predecessors, nor does it display any nearer approach to a solid knowledge of the subject-matter to which it refers. Mr. Dickens observes in his preface—"It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add any thing to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book." The allusion to Mr. Carlyle confirms the presumption which the book itself raises, that Mr. Dickens happened to have read the History of the French Revolution, and, being on the look-out for a subject, determined off-hand to write a novel about it. Whether he has any other knowledge of the subject than a single reading of Mr. Carlyle's work would supply does not appear, but certainly what he has written shows no more. It is exactly the sort of story which a man would write who had taken down Mr. Carlyle's theory without any sort of inquiry or examination, but with a comfortable conviction that "nothing could be added to its philosophy." The people, says Mr. Dickens, in effect, had been degraded by long and gross misgovernment, and acted like wild beasts in consequence. There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in this view of the matter, but it is such very elementary truth that, unless a man had something new to say about it, it is hardly worth mentioning; and Mr. Dickens supports it by specific assertions which, if not absolutely false, are at any rate so selected as to convey an entirely false impression. It is a shameful thing for a popular writer to exaggerate the faults of the French aristocracy in a book which will naturally find its way to readers who know very little of the subject except what he chooses to tell them; but it is impossible not to feel that the melodramatic story which Mr. Dickens tells about the wicked marquis who violates one of his serfs and murders another, is a grossly unfair representation of the state of society in France in the middle of the eighteenth century. That the French *noblesse* had much to answer for

in a thousand ways, is a lamentable truth; but it is by no means true that they could rob, murder, and ravish with impunity. When Count Horn thought proper to try the experiment under the regency, he was broken on the wheel, notwithstanding his nobility; and the sort of atrocities which Mr. Dickens depicts as characteristic of the eighteenth century were neither safe nor common in the fourteenth.

England as well as France comes in for Mr. Dickens' favors. He takes a sort of pleasure, which appears to us insolent and unbecoming in the extreme, in drawing the attention of his readers exclusively to the bad and weak points in the history and character of their immediate ancestors. The grandfathers of the present generation were, according to him, a sort of savages, or very little better. They were cruel, bigoted, unjust, ill-governed, oppressed, and neglected in every possible way. The childish delight with which Mr. Dickens acts Jack Horner, and says What a good boy am I, in comparison with my benighted ancestors, is thoroughly contemptible. England some ninety years back was not what it now is, but it was a very remarkable country. It was inhabited and passionately loved by some of the greatest men who were then living, and it possessed institutions which, with many imperfections, were by far the best which then existed in the world, and were, amongst other things, the sources from which our present liberties are derived. There certainly were a large number of abuses, but Mr. Dickens is not content with representing them fairly. He grossly exaggerates their evils. It is usually difficult to bring a novelist precisely to book, and Mr. Dickens is especially addicted to the cultivation of a judicious vagueness; but in his present work he affords an opportunity for instituting a comparison between the facts on which he relies, and the assertions which he makes on the strength of them. In the early part of his novel he introduces the trial of a

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 423

man who is accused of being a French spy, and does his best to show how utterly corrupt and unfair everybody was who took part in the proceedings. The counsel for the crown is made to praise the government spy, who is the principal witness, as a man of exalted virtue, and is said to address himself with zeal to the task of driving the nails into the prisoner's coffin. In examining the witnesses he makes every sort of unfair suggestion which can prejudice the prisoner, and the judge shows great reluctance to allow any circumstance to come out which would be favorable to him, and does all in his power to get him hung, though the evidence against him is weak in the extreme. It so happens that in the state trials for the very year (1780) in which the scene of Mr. Dickens' story is laid, there is a full report of the trial of a French spy—one De la Motte—for the very crime which is imputed to Mr. Dickens' hero. One of the principal witnesses in this case was an accomplice of very bad character; and in fact it is difficult to doubt that the one trial is merely a fictitious "rendering" of the other. The comparison between them is both curious and instructive. It would be perfectly impossible to imagine a fairer trial than De la Motte's, or stronger evidence than that on which he was convicted. The counsel for the crown said not one word about the character of the approver, and so far was the judge from pressing hard on the prisoner, that he excluded evidence offered against him which in almost any other country would have been all but conclusive against him. It is surely a very disgraceful thing to represent such a transaction as an attempt to commit a judicial murder.

We must say one word in conclusion as to the illustrations. They are thoroughly worthy of the text. It is impossible to imagine faces and figures more utterly unreal, or more wretchedly conventional, than those by which Mr. Browne represents Mr. Dickens' characters. The handsome faces are caricatures, and the ugly ones are like nothing human.

From The Saturday Review, 17 Dec.

#### AUSTRIA MORIBUNDA.

THE dangers with which Austria is now contending are not those from which she escaped in 1813, or even in 1848. In 1813, she was fighting against the insolent and rapacious tyranny of a foreign pirate—a tyranny odious alike to all her populations, and against which all her populations were ready to lend her loyal aid. In 1848, she was fighting in part at least against Red Republicanism, the fear of which placed the party of order in all her provinces more or less on the side even of a bad and detested government. Yet even in 1848, she but just escaped with life, and probably would not have escaped at all but for the almost miraculous aid of Jellachich, and the intervention, not again to be hoped for of Russia. The serpents against which she is now, like another Laocoon, wrestling for life, and whose deadly coils rise higher and higher above the head of their victim, are bankruptcy and universal disaffection. Bankruptcy would not kill her. "A nation," said Metternich, "never knows its resources till it is bankrupt." This dictum of knavish cynicism would be false of a great commercial country where the life of society depends on credit; but it is true of a merely agricultural country, where a suspension of payment by the government ruins a number of capitalists, mostly foreigners, but does not affect the bulk of the population, who look only to the harvest of the next year. The Austrian government has in fact, repeatedly committed with comparative impunity acts of semi-repudiation which would have given a deadly shock to the sensitive frame of English commercial life. It can also, in its remote provinces, force its paper in a way which shows that, economically speaking, it is placed under a different meridian from ours. That its finances cannot come round while it has to maintain, as at present, a double army, to keep down its provinces and to defend them, is a mathematical certainty; but bankruptcy, we repeat, will not kill the Austrian government.

Universal disaffection probably will. It was the strength of Austria, if she had only known it, to be an imperial confederation. It is her weakness to have become a centralized despotism. While she was content to leave the different nations of her empire their own laws and customs, their local self-government, and their national life, they were ready to cry, *moriatur pro rege nostro*. Now that she has madly destroyed their laws and customs, put down their local self-government, and threatened their national life, they are not ready to cry, "Let us die for our bureaucracy." In grasping at the shadow of administrative unity she has lost the substance of willing allegiance. It is due to her to say that into this error she, like other European

monarchies, was partly seduced by the example of Bonaparte, and the necessity of opposing an equally strong unity for the common defence to that which he wielded for the common ruin. She was seduced still deeper into it by the revolutionary outbreak of 1848. Yet the result to her is not less fatal than if the fault had been entirely her own. An empire without a nation, on what does she rest? Where is the earth which her giant frame may touch and rise renewed? The highest aristocracy, as a general rule, are on the side of her government, and it was the toughness of fibre inherent in this aristocracy that carried her through Austerlitz and Wagram, and enabled her to show something of Roman dignity and tenacity in 1848. But the Austrian aristocracy is not, like the Roman, an aristocracy of great soldiers and great statesmen. It is an aristocracy of indifferent soldiers and great men of pleasure. It was on the army that the empire really leaned, since it had been divorced from the hearts of the people. The army seemed a pillar of adamant—it has proved at the first trial a bruised reed. Arms had been provided, the best that the fruits of industry wrung from overtaxed provinces could buy. Nothing was omitted but the men to wield them. The inefficiency of a vast military organization without a heart has been demonstrated for the hundredth time in history. The mountains which an undisciplined peasantry heroically defended under Hofer are receiving the defeated soldiers of Gyulai. When a military despotism has lost its military power what remains? Little but the diamond coat of Esterhazy, which will glitter at a coronation, but will scarcely save a crown.

The reforming statesmen of Austria, if such there really be, have not only to reform—they have to undo the whole state of things under which they have been trained, and under which their power exists. They have to restore a happy group of historical accidents finally overthrown ten years ago. They have to reproduce by an effort of statesmanship that which a long run of good fortune, aided by instinctive wisdom, could alone produce. Such a task is beyond the power of Metternichs. But even if Chathams, Turgots, Washingtons were there, their inspiration would be vain. Austria has a "chivalrous young emperor"—a hot-headed and cold-hearted young bigot, obstinate, mean, and selfish, incapable of the true wisdom which yields to manifest necessity, and of the frank concession which, in yielding, wins back estranged hearts. And at that "chivalrous young emperor's" ear is a third serpent, subtler and more deadly than the great monsters of bankruptcy and disaffection. Jesuitism is doomed forever to labor with miracu-

lous address and cunning for its own ruin and the ruin of all its friends. It was received into the bosom of the monarchy of Philip II., and of the monarchy of Louis XIV. Into both it breathed the venom, first of unutterable wickedness, and then of death. It has now been received into the bosom of an empire which was happy and prosperous under the tolerant sway of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Its fatal presence is again disclosed by the spreading leprosy, first of tyrannical injustice, then of retributive decay. Jesuitism, in the person of a priest-ridden archduchess, was at the ear of the emperor to bid him, in the hour of his utmost need, set aside less bigoted generals, and employ the devout Gyulai. Jesuitism is at his ear now to persuade him not to deal frankly and honestly with his people, not to grant the measures of liberty and toleration which are necessary to save his crown, not to trust upright and able servants unaffiliated to the society of Loyola, not to allow a free press to tender faithful counsel to the throne. And Jesuitism, so deep, so cunning, so far-sighted, so far-reaching, which "from a room in Rome governs the world," is about once more to be taught, at the cost of those who trust it, that the power of good has no work for conspirators, and that He does not prosper the evil work which conspirators make for themselves.

From The Examiner, 24th Dec.

#### THE POPE AND THE CONGRESS.

THE reasoning and eloquence of M. de la Guérronière's pamphlet would attract universal attention, did it only express his private views, but he writes with power in more than the ordinary sense of the word. We know by whom his pen is inspired, and that his words are events, or not unlikely to become so. They are sure to make a noise through Christendom, and we are mistaken if among the conflicting voices those of approval do not greatly preponderate. The fanatics can hardly be more fanatical than they are; the rational Roman Catholic will be apt to think not only that no better terms for the pope are practicable than those here proposed, but that they are desirable in themselves, and the dictates of sincere attachment to the church.

However, let Catholic opinion be divided as it may, there is one quarter in which the policy announced in this pamphlet will cause pure satisfaction. If it adds to the chagrin of Ireland, we must console ourselves by thinking of the joy it will spread through Italy, especially in those provinces whose condition was most alarming, and whose liberties seemed in the greatest danger. M. de la Guérronière dispels all anxiety for the fate of the Romagna. He discusses the question,

"Is it advisable, yes, or no, for the glory of the church, for the authority of its head, that the Romagna should be restored to the patrimony of the Holy Father?"—and determines it in the negative. "The separation of the Romagna," he boldly asserts, would "not tend to diminish the pope's temporal power. His territory, it is true, would be diminished, but his authority, disencumbered of a resistance which paralyzes it, would not be weakened, but morally strengthened. For the authority of the head of the church does not lie in the extent of a territory which he cannot retain except by the support of foreign arms, or in the number of subjects which he is obliged to oppress in order to govern; it lies in the confidence and respect which he inspires, feeling incompatible with measures of rigor and constraint, *bad for all governments*, but especially for a prince who reigns Gospel in hand." What can be wiser or juster than this, or looking beyond the immediate scope of the writer, what more promising than to see such principles as these laid down by a pen moved by the ruler of France? And how eloquently M. de la Guérronière presses and reinforces his argument.

"What matters it, then, to the prestige, to the dignity, to the greatness of the sovereign pontiff, the square miles comprised in his states? Does he want space to be beloved and venerated? Are not his benedictions and his teachings the most powerful manifestation of his right? Does he not love and bless the whole universe? Whether he rules over few or many, that is not the question; what is essential is that he should have a sufficient number of subjects to be independent, and that he should not have too many to be carried away by those currents of passions, of interests, of novelties which are produced everywhere where there are considerable agglomerations."

The pope is to retain Rome, not as absolutely necessary to his dignity correctly or piously understood, but simply to preserve for him the rank essential to his independence. He must be an independent sovereign, for if not, he must either be a French pope, an Austrian pope, or a Spanish pope; but, on the other hand, his independence once secured, his sovereignty cannot be confined within limits too narrow. Difficult it is, says the writer, under any conditions to reconcile the pontiff with the king. "How can the head of the church who ex-communicates heretics be the head of the state who protects freedom of conscience? There does not exist in the world a constitution to conciliate exigencies so diverse. By neither monarchy liberty can the end be attained." How, then, is the problem to be solved? Only by estab-

lishing the papacy on a patriarchal footing. The pope's true aggrandizement is the purity of his paternal character. "Not only is it not necessary that his territories should be large, we think it essential that they should be small. The smaller the territory the greater the sovereign."

In proportion to the truth of these words will be the wrath they are sure to kindle in sacerdotal minds; yet how true they are every line of the New Testament bears witness. If an apostle was indeed the first pope, the papal sovereignty was at its summit of glory when all its temporal havings were fishermen's nets. How St. Peter was "throned in Rome" every Christian knows. How different from the throning proposed for his present representative, who, according to this scheme, will not only be the lord of the most renowned city in the world, but enjoy an ample revenue, no longer wrung in taxes from his subjects, but the free contribution of all the Catholic states in Christendom.

"In this manner a double result, equally precious, will be obtained. On the one hand, the pope will find in the tribute of the Catholic powers a new proof of the universality and unity of the moral power which he exercises; and, on the other, he will not be obliged to press upon his people by taxes which would not fill his treasury except by throwing discredit on his name."

But M. de la Guernonière is not done with the Romagna question. He knows that a cry will be raised for its restoration to the pope, and he is armed at all points to meet it.

"By restoring the Romagna to the holy father it would not be restoring to him respectful, submissive, and devoted subjects, ready to obey his behests; it would be giving him enemies of his power, resolved to resist him, and whom force alone could keep under. What would the church gain thereby? It would be obliged to see unfaithful sons in rebellious subjects, and to excommunicate those it ought to strike. A resumption of possession acquired at such sacrifices would be a disaster, and not a triumph. For some 100,000 inhabitants restored to the temporal sway of the pope, it would give a blow to his spiritual authority from which the protection of God and the wisdom of Europe will know how to protect it.

But if still restoration is urged, "how is it to be done?" pursues the writer. By persuasion, or force? Obviously by force, if by any means at all; but who is to wield it—"Is it France? Is it Austria?" The emperor answers first for himself.

"France! But she cannot do it. A Catholic nation, she would never consent to strike so serious a blow at the moral power of Catholicism. A liberal nation, she could not compel a people to submit to a government which their will rejects."

Equally trenchant is the reply as to Austria. It is enough to quote a single sentence. "The domination of Austria in Italy is at an end." France will neither degrade herself by doing the hangman's work, nor stultify herself by permitting any other power, especially Austria, to do it. "Whose arm, then, is it that will bring the Romagna back under the papal sway?" Naples? The notion is too absurd for discussion. We wonder M. de la Guernonière did not think of Ireland, but he seems never to have heard of the Kerry resolutions, or of Mr. Pope Hennessy, or even of the O'Donoghue of the Glens!

The pamphlet invokes the congress to settle Italy on the principles it lays down, and its views are only objectionable as far as they arrogate more power to a congress than such a body can either have or assume in the present advanced stage of European opinion. It is undeniable, however, that a congress in 1860 will have as much authority to amend as that of 1815 had to enact.

"The congress of Paris has full power to alter what was settled by the congress of Vienna. Europe, combined at Vienna in 1815, gave the Romagna to the pope; Europe, combined at Paris in 1860, may decide otherwise in regard to it.

"And, let it be observed, the last decision, should it be contrary to that of 1815, would not bear the same character as the first. In 1815 the powers disposed of the people of Romagna; in 1860, if they are not placed under the authority of the pope, the powers of Europe only formally record a *fait accompli*."

But not the Romagnese alone will be gratified by M. de la Guernonière's exposition of the policy of France. One set of principles is not proposed for the legations and another for the duchies. The pamphlet states that France "has exhausted her diplomatic efforts to reconcile the dukes to their populations." It throws the blame of her failure on Austria, "under whose influence those princes had effaced the national character of their sovereignties;" and then makes the following most important declaration:—

"It would certainly have been very desirable if what has fallen from the reaction of the national sentiment so long oppressed could be re-established under the guarantee of reforms which had been promised. In

giving her aid thereto, France was acting up to her policy of moderation! but in doing more, by turning now against the Italian people those victorious bayonets, which six months ago protected it against Austria, she would be acting contrary to all her principles. No man of common sense would give her such advice."

We have touched only on the leading points of this masterly production, for admirable it is apart from its effectiveness as a state paper. There is only one flaw in its object, namely, where it sacrifices the people of Rome to the pope's temporal sway, after the most rigid demonstration that by virtue of his spiritual character, by reason of his very perfections, he cannot but misgovern his subjects. However, M. de la Guernonière has his consolations for the inhabitants of the Eternal City. "They will have no army, no representation, no press, no magistracy," but in revenge they will have contemplation, prayer, the fine arts, and the ruins of the Coliseum!

From The Examiner, 24 Dec.

#### THE SUEZ CANAL.

WE have once more to advert to the monster folly of the nineteenth century. It is now understood that our government perceives the wisdom of leaving a project so insane to the fate and the ridicule which inevitably await it. It was their opposition alone that gave it any importance, and by exciting the national prejudices of France, enabled the projectors to raise funds which they never could have got without it.

Let us for a moment glance at the scheme which has stirred the bile of France, and obtained the patronage of five European nations; those only who from their experience are the best judges of such works, and who have the deepest interest in the shortest cut to the Indies,—England and Holland—withholding their approbation. The project is to cut a ship canal three hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep over ninety miles of flat sand. The canal is to have a double pier running six miles into the Mediterranean through the mud of the Nile, and a similar one of four miles running into the Red Sea. As the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are of the same level, the canal will be near thirty feet below the level of both, and hence it will be a stagnant and in all likelihood a pestilential ditch. To prevent the sandy sides of the canal from falling in, it must be cased with stone throughout, and to prevent the sands of the Desert from blowing into it, a double parapet several feet in height must be erected along its whole length. The casing of the canal, the parapets and the piers in the two seas, will embrace

stone work to the length of two hundred miles, and this does not include a projected dock at the middle of the canal and a couple of locks. But for this mighty undertaking there is no available stone in Egypt, and the projectors themselves tell us that it must be imported from Arabia Petrea and the Isle of Cyprus.

Six millions sterling is the estimate of the projectors for the completion of the canal, and the late Robert Stephenson—and who could be a better judge?—was of opinion that three times that amount would be inadequate. Supposing it, however, completed by some miracle, to keep it clear of weeds would require whole herds of buffaloes, after the fashion of the canal of the Pontine marshes, while on the side of the Mediterranean a perpetual dredging must be carried on to prevent the silted mud of the Nile from choking it up. To enter the narrow canal from the Mediterranean in bad weather will be a standing danger, but let us suppose all obstacles overcome and a ship in her outward voyage to have run the gauntlet of the canal, she gets into the Red Sea, and before she clears it she has, if a sailing ship, to make a voyage of four hundred miles, the most dangerous known to the underwriters of Lloyd's. We have before us the actual rates of insurance effected on ships carrying cargoes of coals from England to Suez, to Aden, and to Bombay. The insurance on the Suez voyage is twelve guineas per cent, while that on the Bombay one, more distant by near two thousand miles, is but five guineas. The insurance on the Aden voyage, short of that to Bombay by one thousand miles, is as high as that to the latter place, because it is close to the entrance of the dangerous Red Sea. That narrow sea, owing to baffling winds and dangers along both its coasts, is safe only for steam-ships which can keep mid-channel. The canal company therefore will have to maintain a huge establishment of steam tugs, part stationed at Suez and part somewhere about the Straits of Babelmandel.

The charge which the projectors propose to levy for the use of the canal is 10s. a ton, which we believe is equal to at least one-seventh of the present outward freights to Bombay, and to a fourth of the homeward ones, which we see by the Indian newspapers is at present but 40s. a ton. But to this has to be added the charge for tugs for four hundred miles. The mere interest on the projectors' estimate of the cost of the canal, or £6,000,000, will amount at six per cent, the lowest rate at which the pasha of Egypt and the sultan can borrow, to £360,000, while Mr. Stephenson's estimate would make it exceed a million, the latter a sum which it would require the transit of above two millions of tons

of shipping to defray. If a tonnage equal to the whole sailing tonnage of the United Kingdom and its colonies, which little exceeds five million of tons, were to pass yearly through the Suez Canal, the gross produce would amount to no more than £2,500,000, a sum that would assuredly not suffice to cover the cost of making, repairing, working, and paying a profit on this monstrous undertaking. In the mean while, the railway would be a serious rival, for all gold, silver, and a great deal of raw silk and other goods of great value and small bulk, are conveyed by it, and would continue to be so.

The Suez Canal will be begun, but never completed, or half-completed. Its wreck, as useless as the pyramids, but far less interesting, will, like the pyramids, be exhibited to posterity, probably under the name of the "French Folly." Supposing it, however, by some unhopèd-for miracle to be finished, assuredly no work of man in the world will equal it in magnitude and worthlessness, except the Chinese wall, built two thousand years ago by laborious and miscalculating barbarians.

**RICHMOND AND ITS MAIDS OF HONOR.**—The refined *gourmand* in *patisserie* will scarcely visit Richmond without paying his devoirs to the maids of honor. These may be characterized as most delicate and delicious little cheesecakes, for which that place has long enjoyed an established reputation, under, it is believed, the following circumstances:—When the Prince of Wales, George Augustus (*postea* George II.) occupied the *Royal House* at Richmond, the accommodation for the maids of honor of the princess was quite insufficient, and he caused a row of houses to be built for their residence, which still exists under the denomination of "Maids of Honor Row." The royal confectioner invented these so much improved cheesecakes, which gaining great celebrity, a pastry-cook of the town was fortunate enough to obtain the receipt, and established a good business. Towards the latter part of the last century, a Mr. William Hester so far obtained the patronage and support of the place and neighborhood that he was soon enabled to leave off business, and it is said on retiring sold the receipt for making his maids of honor for £300. Theodore Hook, who delighted to treat every thing with fun, *équivoque*, and whimsicalness, speaks\* of going with a party of ladies to one of the hotels, ringing the bell, and desiring the waiter to bring in the "maids of honor." The ladies became alarmed, thinking they were going to have some ambiguous company introduced, but were soon appeased when the pastry appeared.—*Notes and Queries*.

\* Gilbert Gurney, 3 vols., 1836, vol. i. p. 110.

**STATISTICS OF LETTERS SENT BY POST.**—The following piece of epistolary statistics is curious; and, as the document which contains it is seen by comparatively few, it appears to merit the extensive circulation which it will get by insertion in *N. & Q.*—

"The Fifth Report of the postmaster-general, dated 7th of April last, bears (see pp. 13 and 14), that, in 1858 there were five hundred and twenty-three millions of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, being an increase of nineteen millions over the preceding year, and giving in proportion to the population eighteen letters to each individual. It states also that in the seven principal towns the number of letters to each individual in proportion to their respective number of inhabitants was as follows:—Glasgow, twenty-four; Liverpool, twenty-six; Birmingham, twenty-eight; Manchester, thirty; Dublin, thirty-three; Edinburgh, thirty-four; and London, forty-six."—*Notes and Queries*.

**THE UNBURIED AMBASSADORS.**—An old inhabitant tells me that some fifty years ago or more there were two large coffins, richly ornamented, lying on the pavement in one of the chapels on the south-east side of the choir of Westminster Abbey, and that these were said to contain the bodies of two foreign ambassadors who were refused burial on account of some legal process. Is it known who they were, or what became of them?—*Notes and Queries*.

**KENTISH LONGTAILS.**—Can you or any of your correspondents inform me whether the old story of "wearing tails" applies to the "Kentish Men" or the "Men of Kent," and where it is to be found?

By the old Frank law, and some others, it was a crime visited with severe punishment to accuse a man wrongfully of "wearing a tail," being *caudatus* or a coward; or a woman of being a *stria*, a sort of vampire, probably because if the accusation were just it would subject the accused to a painful death.

FOLKESTONE.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE VOYAGE OF THE "FOX" IN THE  
ARCTIC SEAS.\*

THE gallant officer, Captain F. L. M'Clintock, whose great good fortune it has been to bring to a successful issue the long-prosecuted search for Sir John Franklin and his companions, deserves at our hands a brief notice of his previous career in the Arctic seas, before we pass to the consideration of his simple and sailor-like narration of the remarkable voyage of the yacht "Fox." The modesty and unassuming nature of real worth have seldom been more charmingly exemplified than in the steady, unwavering good service of this explorer; and we feel under much obligation to the Royal Society of Dublin, and especially to the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.A., Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, for having early in the day appreciated the merits of Captain, then Lieutenant, M'Clintock; and by kindly support and countenance encouraged the young sailor not only to labor as a collector in specimens of natural history and geology, but to record much interesting information in a series of valuable though unpretending papers read before that learned society. It is from these and other sources that we are enabled to state that, as early as 1848, Lieutenant M'Clintock entered into the search for Franklin, under the immediate command of that distinguished navigator, Admiral, but then Captain, Sir James Ross, who, with Commander J. Bird, proceeded into the Arctic seas with an expedition consisting of H.M.S. Enterprise and Investigator. It was under that great Arctic navigator that Lieutenant M'Clintock acquired experience which, in after years, he was to turn to such excellent account; and perhaps nothing stamps the reputation of Sir James Ross with higher lustre than the discoveries subsequently made by his follower; for they go to prove that, so far as the judgment of Ross was concerned in the steps he took to rescue Franklin, he foresaw, with intuitive genius, the measures that were exactly necessary; and had Franklin or his officers been more impressed with the importance of placing records in cairns at the spots they visited and stated the direction they were going, and their intentions as to the future, there can now

be but little doubt that Sir James Ross would have arrived in time to have saved, if not life, at any rate all the records of that sad but glorious expedition.\* It is but justice to Sir James Ross that this much should be said. The Enterprise and Investigator could only reach Leopold Harbor at the western extreme of Lancaster Sound, owing to the ice-choked condition of Barrow's Straits. There the winter of 1848-49 was passed, and in the spring of 1849 Sir James Ross laid down two important directions whereon to despatch sledge searching-parties. The one was across to Cape Hurd, only a few miles distant from Beechy Island, wherein we now know Franklin had wintered in 1845-46, and the other and largest party Ross conducted down the east shore of Peel Sound towards King William's Land, upon the very route which, we are assured, Franklin took in his last disastrous voyage. It was in the execution, and not in the conception of his plans that Sir James Ross failed, and that too from causes over which he had no control. Arctic sledging was then in its infancy; the equipment was sadly defective, and the officers of the navy very ignorant of its nature or requirements. The party with Sir James Ross, under whom was Lieutenant M'Clintock, consisted of twelve men; they marched what was in those days considered a great distance—or two hundred and forty miles—on the outward journey, and yet found no trace to show that their services had been in the right direction: they returned to the ships with nearly half the party entirely broken down by disease and excessive labor, after a journey of five hundred miles, a distance which was a great feat at that period. Ill-luck for the first time in Ross' career followed him; the party which had visited the near neighborhood of Franklin's winter quarters failed to find any traces; and when, on the opening of the ice in the summer of 1849, Sir James Ross sailed out of Leopold Harbor with the intention of proceeding further westward, his expedition was caught in the grip of the Polar Pack, and swept by it, *nolens volens*, into the Atlantic Ocean, after a dangerous drift in the ice of nearly twelve hun-

\* A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

\* There is no doubt that this absence of records arose from a firm conviction in their minds that they would make a speedy and safe passage to Behring's Straits; and if any one came to aid them, it would be by meeting them *via* those straits, and that no one would think of following upon their trail.

dred miles. This was the first experience our seamen had had of the danger of being beset in those great ice-streams which, by the laws of nature, are ever flowing from the pole to the equator. Lieutenant M'Clintock had not been an unobservant sharer in the labors and dangers of this remarkable voyage; he saw that, to render the search for Franklin effective, great distances must be accomplished on foot, with sledges; and that men and sledges, rather than ships, must be the means to the end. He turned a close and naturally analytical attention to the following points: the reduction of the weights carried on the sledges, an improved and nutritious dietary, calculated to support the seamen under excessive fatigue, in a region incapable of supporting even the hardy Esquimaux; and, lastly, an alteration in the form and fitting of the sledges and tents. At these improvements he steadily and constantly labored, and freely gave the results of his experiments and experience for the furtherance of the service. The expedition of 1851-52 under Admiral Horatio Austin, as well as all subsequent ones, adopted M'Clintock's views, or improved upon them; and the grand result has been, that our seamen and officers have subsequently accomplished distances which would astonish men in even temperate climes; throughout fearful temperatures, even as low as 75° below the freezing-point of water, sledging was steadily and safely prosecuted; the loss of life was brought down to so low an average that *gobemouches* in England began to declare the labor and climate must be most enviable; and before the sailing of the "Fox" upon her memorable voyage, M'Clintock assures us that no less than a distance equal to forty thousand miles! had been travelled over by a hundred sledge-parties within the Arctic zone—a very large fraction of that wonderful distance had been the share of the gallant and ingenious officer, who may be said to be the real discoverer of Arctic sledge-travelling. Throughout eleven long years Lieutenant, Commander, and now Captain M'Clintock, persevered in the search for Franklin's Expedition; no failure seems to have daunted him, or made him hopeless of ultimate success. Indeed, it appears as if ripened experience of those regions of frost and ice only strengthened his views, that the solution of the mystery which hung over Franklin's fate merely depended upon steady perseverance, a

quality in which he seems to have abounded, judging alone by the voyage of the "Fox."

It was in the spring of 1857 that Lady Franklin, rather than leave the fate of her heroic husband in the unsatisfactory condition it then was, determined to equip at her personal expense a small vessel, and send it to endeavor to reach King William's Land, whence, there was no doubt, must have travelled the party of officers and men from the "Erebus" and "Terror," reported by Esquimaux to have died at the mouth of the Great Fish River. The government and admiralty could no longer hope to save life by sending out expeditions in search of Franklin, and, with a strange want of generosity, they cared not to save the records of Franklin's voyage, and did not seem to desire to secure to that distinguished navigator the honor, which at their desire he had perished in securing to his country. The wife of Franklin determined to make one last effort, with all available funds of her own, aided by generous contributions from many kind friends, to place, beyond all doubt the fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, as well as to secure to her husband and his comrades the fame of being the first discoverers of the North-West Passage. Her self-sacrifice has been crowned with perfect success, and Lady Franklin has won a niche in English history, to which time will only add fresh lustre. With £7,500 of her own, and £2,900 from her friends, Lady Franklin was able to equip and pay the crew of the "Fox" during two years and a half. They numbered, including officers, only twenty-five souls, and it is truly wonderful to read how so small a party in a little yacht, only one hundred and seventy tons burden, could do so much in seas where huge expeditions have often failed. All the officers were volunteers, and perhaps the best test of the enthusiasm which reigned amongst them is to be found in the fact that one of them, Captain Allen Young, of the mercantile marine, not only threw up a lucrative appointment to share in this chivalrous enterprise, but added from his private purse £500 to the general fund. To such men, under the energetic and persevering M'Clintock, all things were possible, and needed a great deal more, as we see, than one failure to cross the great belt of ice which barred their road in Baffin's Bay, to make them desist from the generous cause which they had so gallantly undertaken. The sum-

mer of 1857 was one of those unfortunate "close seasons," as the whalers term them, in which the polar-pack lies pressed together to such an extent, that the navigator may not pass through it to the open water beyond. At such seasons the fishermen do not attempt the hazardous experiment of battling through it; the little "Fox," however, came expressly to Baffin's Bay to dare all things, and by day and by night, for more than a month, was struggling to find a path through or round this pack into the water-space whence it had come. The battle was an unequal one: September came in, followed by an Arctic winter, and on 10th September they became hopelessly beset in Melville Bay, when only *twenty-five miles from open water*—water which M'Clintock's experience told him would at that season extend to Lancaster Sound.

In modest, uncomplaining strain, the gallant captain describes the disappointment of himself and his companions; yet they seem to think far more of "poor Lady Franklin" than of themselves. In a similarly unpretending style, he tells of that long and dangerous ice-drift throughout the winter of 1857-58, and finds time to narrate many an interesting anecdote of Greenland experiences, told by Carl Petersen, a worthy Dane, whose name we recognize as an old associate of our English sailors in Arctic enterprise.

The tiny "Fox," two huge icebergs, and a continent of broken-up ice, re-frozen together, sweep down in company from the upper part of Baffin's Bay into the Atlantic ocean—a ceaseless mysterious march occasioned by current, but accelerated much by the fierce storms which, during the winter season, blow from the night-enveloped pole. In April, 1859, after an imprisonment of two hundred and forty-two days, our countrymen experienced a fearful tempest in the pack, which broke it up and liberated them: they found themselves 1,194 *geographical*, or 1,385 *statute miles*, southward of the spot at which they were first caught in the ice! The description of that ice-storm, and of their providential deliverance, are told in words all the more graphic from their touching simplicity; and the captain thus modestly describes his feelings after safely conducting his noble little vessel through no ordinary trial of nerve and skill:—

"After yesterday's experience, I can under-

stand how men's hair has turned gray in a few hours. Had self-reliance been my only support and hope, it is not impossible that I might have illustrated the fact. Under the circumstances, I did my best to insure our safety, looked as stoical as possible, and inwardly trusted that God would favor our exertions. What a release ours has been, not only from eight months' imprisonment, but from the perils of that one day! Had our vessel been destroyed after the ice broke up, there remained no hope for us. But we have been brought safely through, and are truly grateful, I hope and believe."

All is not gloom and danger, however, in a winter's drift in a polar pack, for we find much to show how these naval worthies found time and opportunity to be merry under the most apparently adverse circumstances: and there is a dry humor in some of the tales, which shows that even wit does not freeze up in an Arctic winter. Let us take, for instance, the diary of November 29, 1857:—

"Keen, biting winds from the north-west," says Captain M'Clintock. "No cracks in the ice, therefore no seals. Gray dawn at ten o'clock, and dark at two. The moon is everywhere the sailor's friend—she is a source of comfort to us here. Nothing to excite conversation, except an occasional inroad of the dogs in search of food; this generally occurs at night. Whenever the deck-light which burns under the housing happens to go out, they scale the steep snow banking, and rush round the deck like wolves. 'Why, bless you, sir, the very moment that there light goes out, and the quartermaster turns his back, they makes a regular sortie, and in they all comes.' 'But where do they come in, Harvey?' 'Where, sir? why everywhere; they makes no more to do, but in they comes, clean over all.' Not long ago old Harvey was chief quartermaster in a line-of-battle ship, and a regular magnet to all the younger midshipmen. He would spin them yarns by the hour during the night-watches about the wonders of the sea, and of the Arctic regions in particular—its bears, its icebergs, and still more terrific 'auroras, roaring and flashing about the ship enough to frighten a fellow!'"

We may not, however, delay longer over this portion of the narrative, but proceed to the second summer operations of the "Fox;" for without any flourish of trumpets, but calmly, as if no other measures were possible, her gallant captain and crew turned their steps northward from Davis Straits, whither they had been drifted, and again, like "good men and true," proceeded to do what they

had failed to accomplish in that first unlucky season. The year 1858 was as propitious as that of 1857 had been otherwise, and with the exception of one accident of a really alarming nature, when the vessel perched herself upon a rock with a falling tide, and nearly tumbled over, before the returning flood enabled them to extricate her, there was no very serious obstacle to their progress into Lancaster Sound, which highway to the "North-West" they entered by the month of July. We need not stay to point out more than the fact that Captain M'Clintock, in that neighborhood, perfectly cleared up all the thousand and one stories emanating from whalers and Esquimaux, of some of the "white men" having been seen there, and that he discovered a new fishing-ground for whales up Pond's Inlet, which may hereafter prove of no small importance to our enterprising merchants and whaling seamen of Aberdeen and Hull. On the 15th August, 1858, we find the "Fox" at Beechey Island, in that bay where, as we have long known, Franklin passed his winter of 1845-46, and with which the writings of subsequent explorers have made the public tolerably conversant. Here Captain M'Clintock completed his stock of provisions from the immense dépôt left at Northumberland House by Belcher and Inglefield, and under its gloomy cliffs he erected a monument with which he had been intrusted; the epitaph by Lady Franklin runs as follows:—"To the memory of Franklin, Crozier, Fitzjames, and all their gallant brother officers and faithful companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science and the service of their country. The tablet is erected near the spot where they passed their first arctic winter, and whence they issued forth to conquer difficulties or to die. It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost in the leader of the expedition the most devoted and affectionate of husbands." A more fitting record, or more heart-stirring words, could hardly be conceived; and it will touch the best feelings of those seamen who, in future generations, may, in enterprises equally bold, reach this lone spot, now so hallowed in the minds of all who hold our glory dear as the greatest of maritime nations.

Sailing from Beechey Island, our modern paladins steered away with flowing sheet, and

but slightly checked by ice, to Capes Walker and Bunney in the south-west, those gloomy yet picturesque portals to the channel known until now as that of Peel, but fated to bear hereafter the name of Franklin, in commemoration of its having been the path to death and fame of his noble expedition. Down it for twenty-five miles M'Clintock advanced, until ice was seen stretching across from shore to shore. On his left lay those precipices of North Somerset, along which, in 1848, Capt. M'Clintock had travelled with Sir James Ross, as previously recounted; on the other, the equally barren but far more navigable coasts of Prince of Wales' Land. He could not but feel certain that down this strait Franklin had sailed in some more favorable season, or perhaps later in the year; and it was a question which had to be quickly decided, whether he, in the "Fox," should remain where he was, and run the chance of the strait opening in a fortnight, or, instead of doing so, turn back to Regent's Inlet and proceed down to Bellot Strait, where he would be sure of being within easy access of King William's Land for sledges, even should that strait prove likewise to be closed this season. M'Clintock decided at any rate to visit Bellot Strait, even if he afterwards returned to Peel Sound; and in a few hours the "Fox," under sail and steam, was rattling back towards Regent's Inlet. By August 21st, she had entered Bellot Strait, and was battling her way to the westward. Three several times did Captain M'Clintock strive to pass through this remarkable strait into that arctic sea, which washes the shores of North America. We need only give one instance of how he was foiled in his endeavors:—

"To-day an unsparing use of steam and canvas forced the ship eight miles further west: we were then about half-way through Bellot Strait! Its western capes are lofty bluffs, such as may be distinguished fifty miles distant in clear weather: between them there was a clear, broad channel, but five or six miles of close, heavy pack intervened—the sole obstacle to our progress. Of course, this pack will speedily disperse: it is no wonder that we should feel elated at such a glorious prospect, and content to bide our time in the security of Dépôt Bay. A feeling of tranquillity, of earnest, hearty satisfaction has come over us. There is no appearance amongst us of any thing boastful; we have all experienced too keenly the vicissitudes of arctic voyaging to admit of such a feeling."

"At the turn of tide we perceived that we were being carried, together with the pack, back to the eastward. Every moment our velocity was increased; and presently we were dismayed at seeing grounded ice near us, but were very quickly swept past it, at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, though within two hundred yards of the rocks, and of instant destruction. As soon as we possibly could, we got clear of the packed ice, and left it to be wildly hurled about by various whirlpools and rushes of the tide, until finally carried out into Brentford Bay. The ice-masses were large, and dashed violently against each other, and the rocks lay at some distance off the southern shore. We had a fortunate escape from such dangerous company."

The little "Fox" stood but little chance in a struggle against blocks of ice, each quite as heavy as she was, in a six-knot tide; and when, after a survey of the western ocean from a lofty cape, the leader saw that it was still covered with ice, which would only break up with the early winter gales, he vainly sought shelter and winter-quarters in a small bay on the shores of North Somerset, and immediately set to work to place depôts of provisions out upon the routes his sledges would have to travel in the spring of 1859. These autumn sledge-parties were undertakings of no ordinary danger and difficulty; for the violence of the storms, fearful snow-drifts, and unexpected disruption of ice, high caused the loss of Lieutenant Hobson's party, and entailed much suffering upon all. This arduous duty executed, they prepared to pass another and second winter of darkness and monotony—but not before the sportsman and naturalist had rummaged every valley and sheltered slope, and satisfied themselves that they, at any rate, had not fallen upon one of those pleasant places "abounding in game and salmon," of which they who have never visited those lands are prone to write and talk. Failing venison and salmon steaks, they, like wise men, made the best of what Providence sent them, and they were by no means squeamish, provided it was fresh meat. In these gastronomic feats, Petersen's experiences in Greenland stood them in good stead. That worthy Dane seemed to have a keen digestion, and not over-delicate taste. Dog-mutton, however, he could not even lure our gallant countrymen to undertake, though they agreed with him that "*old owls and peregrine falcons were the best beef in the country, and*

*the young birds tender and white as chickens!*" and, indeed, on one occasion, the worthy captain quite warms up in his reminiscences of such luxuries "as thin frozen slices of seal's fat!"

Winter passed as pleasantly as it may in 74° north latitude; the sun returned; there was light without warmth; but with the experience of so many seasons of sledging, and the perfect equipment of his men, Captain M'Clintock at once put forth his parties to carry forward the depôts of provision, and to strive to pick up some clue by which to ascertain whether Franklin's ships had been beset or wrecked north or south of his present position. Captain Allen Young started to the north-west for Prince of Wales' Land; Captain M'Clintock towards the Magnetic Pole.

"For several days this severe weather continued, the mercury of my artificial horizon remaining frozen (its freezing-point is —39°); and our rum, at first thick like treacle, required thawing latterly, when the more fluid and stronger part had been used. We travelled each day until dusk, and then were occupied for a couple of hours in building our snow-hut. The four walls were run up until five and a half feet high, inclining inwards as much as possible; over these our tent was laid to form a roof; we could not afford the time necessary to construct a dome of snow."

One day's routine will suffice to depict what the work and suffering of these early spring journeys must have been:—

"Our equipment consisted of a very small brown-holland tent, macintosh floor-cloth, and felt robes; besides this, each man had a bag of double blanketing, and a pair of fur boots to sleep in. We wore moccasins over the pieces of blanket in which our feet were wrapped up, and, with the exception of a change of this foot-gear, carried no spare clothes. The daily routine was as follows: I led the way; Petersen and Thompson followed, conducting their sledges; and in this manner we trudged on for eight or ten hours without halting, except when necessary to disentangle the dog-harness. When we halted for the night, Thompson and I usually sawed out the blocks of compact snow and carried them to Petersen, who acted as the master mason in building the snow hut; the hour and a half or two hours usually employed in erecting the edifice was the most disagreeable part of the day's labor, for, in addition to being already well tired and desiring repose, we became thoroughly chilled whilst standing about. When the hut was finished, the dogs were fed, and here the great difficulty was to in-

sure the weaker ones their full share in the scramble for supper; then commenced the operation of unpacking the sledge, and carrying into our hut every thing necessary for ourselves, such as provision and sleeping gear, as well as all boots, fur mittens, and even the sledge dog-harness, to prevent the dogs from eating them during our sleeping hours. The door was now blocked up with snow, the cooking-lamp lighted, foot-gear changed, diary written up, watches wound, sleeping bags wriggled into, pipes lighted, and the merits of the various dogs discussed, until supper was ready; the supper swallowed, the upper robe or coverlet was pulled over, and then to sleep.

"Next morning came breakfast, a struggle to get into frozen moccasins, after which the sledges were packed, and another day's march commenced.

"In these little huts we usually slept warm enough, although latterly, when our blankets and clothes became loaded with ice, we felt the cold severely. When our low doorway was carefully blocked up with snow, and the cooking-lamp alight, the temperature quickly rose, so that the walls became glazed, and our bedding thawed; but the cooking over, or the doorway partially opened, it as quickly fell again, so that it was impossible to sleep, or to hold a pannikin of *hot tea* without pulling on our mitts, so intense was the cold."

Thus, with toil and suffering, have all our gallant explorers opened up that vast extent of country which lies between Greenland and Behring's Straits, and nothing will convey a better idea of the extraordinary additions which have been made in those regions to our geographical knowledge, than a careful comparison of the two excellent maps which Mr. Murray has very wisely given us in this work—namely, the chart of the arctic regions as they were known to us when Franklin sailed in 1845, and that of the same quarter of the globe in 1859. Our arctic navigators and explorers need no better monument than this noble result of their exertions.

On March 1, 1859, Captain M'Clintock met Esquimaux, and from them learned that one of the ships (the long-sought ships "*Erebus*" and "*Terror*," for there could be no others), "had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William's Land, but that all the people landed safely." They told, likewise, of white men having died upon an island at the mouth of a river; and with this meagre information M'Clintock was fain to be content; it pointed to King William's Land

as the place where *one* of the vessels would be found, and he hastened back to the "*Fox*" to equip and start his parties for their long summer journeys. The uncertainty as to the *second* ship compelled him to again send Captain Allen Young to Prince of Wales' Land, in case one of Franklin's ships might have been wrecked there. Subsequent information disproved this supposition, but Allen Young did right good service; he added a great deal of new coast-line to our charts—proved the insularity of Prince of Wales' Land—discovered the M'Clintock Channel—corrected Captain Osborn's position of 1851, and fully confirmed the opinions of that officer, as well as those of Captain Ommaney, as to the impenetrable nature of the ice-stream which encumbers that strait, and the north-east shores of Victoria and Albert Land. Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson, in the mean time, proceeded towards King William's Land and the Great Fish River. Nothing was found on the western or southern coasts of King William's Land; and the estuary of the Great Fish River as well as Montreal Island were equally bare of traces of the lost expedition. The Esquimaux had swept away all relics of Franklin's people in these quarters, though most of those relics of an imperishable character have been subsequently recovered by Dr. Rae, in Repulse Bay, and by Captain M'Clintock. There was, however, a wonderful paucity of natives in all the extent of coast above alluded to; indeed, beyond the Esquimaux at the Magnetic Pole in Boothia, Captain M'Clintock only encountered one more village of ten or twelve snow-huts with inhabitants on King William's Land and near Cape Norton. Some additional information was gleaned from them of a trivial nature; instead of *one* ship, they now spoke of *two*; but described one as having sunk when the ice broke up—the other had evidently been drifted safely into some position which was within their haunts. The party at Cape Norton had visited this wreck, and described their journey to her as occupying five days.

"One day up the inlet, still in sight, and one day overland; this would carry them to the western coast of King William's Land. They added that but little now remained of the wreck which was accessible, their countrymen having carried almost every thing away. In answer to an inquiry, they said she was *without masts*. The question gave rise to

some laughter amongst them, and they spoke to each other of *fire*, from which Petersen thought they had burnt the masts through close to the deck, in order to get them down. There had been *many books*, they said, but all have long since been destroyed by the weather. The ship was forced on shore in the fall of the year by the ice. She had not been visited during the past winter; and an old woman and a boy were shown to us who were the last to visit the wreck. They said they had been at it during the close of the winter of 1857-58.

"Petersen questioned the woman closely, and she seemed anxious to give all the information in her power. She said many of the white men dropped by the way as they went to the Great River—that some were buried, and some were not. She did not herself witness this, but the Esquimaux discovered their bodies during the winter following."

The allusion to fire points to the possibility of the second vessel having been intentionally or accidentally burnt by the natives, as an easy and barbarous way of breaking her up for the nails and bolts, or pieces of planking—all so precious to these savages. At any rate, she no longer existed upon the south or western shores of King William's Land; but upon that west coast, between a point ten miles south of Cape Herschel, where the skeleton of a European sailor was discovered, up to Cape Victory, where the tale of Franklin's success and death, together with the subsequent attempt of the crews to reach the Great Fish River, was found, there was needed no Esquimaux to interpret the tale of the melancholy fate of those McClinton sought. We will epitomize the information he and Lieutenant Hobson there collected. The "Erebus" and "Terror" wintered at Beechey Island 1845-46, after having, in the same season that they sailed from England, made a very remarkable voyage up Wellington Channel, and down a new strait (now justly named after the gallant Crozier) between Bathurst and Cornwallis Land. Franklin thus forestalled in that direction all the discoveries of Penny, De Haven, Belcher, and Austin. In 1846, the "Erebus" and "Terror" proceeded towards King William's Land; and although the record does not say by what route, still the concurrent opinion of every officer who has visited the channels which lie on either side of Prince of Wales' Land, gives it in favor of Franklin having taken the route between Capes Walker and Bunny; though, of

course, mere theorists, like Captains Snow and Belcher, are at perfect liberty to suppose Franklin reached King William's Land by any route they are pleased to fancy. On the 12th September, 1846, the "Erebus" and "Terror" were firmly beset in the ice when only twelve miles distant from the low and dangerous northern extremity of King William's Land, named Cape Felix. They were evidently struggling to get down the west coast to Cape Herschel, and that, in all probability, for two reasons. In the first place, the chart they possessed connected King William's Land with Boothia Felix, and gave no hope of reaching the American continent by steering down to the south-eastward; and, on the other hand, Cape Herschel was only *ninety miles off* to the south-west, and from it they knew there was water communication all the way to Behring's Straits; nay, more, on reaching Cape Herschel, the discovery of the north-west passage to the Indies would be accomplished—the prize they had already risked so much to win.

How natural, then, that they should have determined to fight their way down that shoal and dangerous west coast of King William's Land.

We next hear of them in May, 1847, when Lieutenant Graham Gore and Mr. Des Vœux of the "Erebus" land with a party of six men for some purpose, possibly to connect the coast-line between the two known points—Capes Herschel and Victory. They tell us, in a few brief words, that "all was well, and Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition." A twelvemonth passes, and the record is again opened, and in a few words the firm hand of the gallant Captain Fitzjames reveals to us a thrilling tale of sorrow and suffering, heroically, calmly met. Their gallant, loved leader, Franklin, had died on the 11th of June, 1847. The ships in that summer only drifted, beset in the ice, about fifteen miles. Nine officers and fifteen men had fallen; amongst them Graham Gore, though not until after he had become a commander through the death of Franklin. And lastly, on the 22d April, one hundred and five souls, the survivors of the original expedition, had abandoned the ships under the orders of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, and were striving to escape death from scurvy and starvation, by retreating to the Hudson-Bay Company's territories, up the Great Fish River.

This information was written in a strong hand, which is recognized as that of Fitzjames; and in a corner, under the very infirm looking signature of Captain Crozier, we find a note in the same writing as the rest of the record, which shows that these poor starving crews commenced their march from Cape Victory upon April 26, 1848.

After this no more written information was collected of their proceedings, except the melancholy relics which were strewn along their path, and too painfully tell their own tale. A large boat upon a sledge was found about half-way to Cape Herschel, and Captain M'Clintock thinks she was returning to the ships for provisions. In her there was found two skeletons, and a little tea and chocolate, but no other provision. What became of the large party of men evidently necessary to drag such a boat and sledge, in their then debilitated condition, we shall probably never know; for if they found her too heavy to drag, and tried to march back to the ships, with the intention of staying in them until death released them from their sufferings, it is to be feared the ships were never reached, as the Esquimaux distinctly said that they only found one skeleton in the vessel that fell into their hands. If the poor men fell by the wayside, as seems likely from the unburied skeletons found in the boat, and on the beach near Cape Herschel—the wolf and bear would soon obliterate all traces of their fate; and if they walked and fell upon the smooth ice of the strait, a short distance off shore the summer thaws would soon allow the bones of the starved seamen to sink through the ice to their long rest in the sea beneath. Had not the relics brought home by Dr. Rae in 1854, and Mr. Anderson in 1856, assured us of some portion of this retreating party having reached Montreal Island, we should still not have needed proof to show that, at any rate, some of the one hundred and five men had rounded Cape Herschel, for a few miles beyond it Captain M'Clintock found a skeleton on a ridge of gravel. The poor creature had evidently fallen on his face as he was walking towards home, and had only been disturbed subsequently by wild animals, though not to any great extent. He remarks that it was indeed a melancholy truth that the old woman at Cape Norton had spoke when she said the retreating seamen "fell down, and died as they walked along." By the light of Esquimaux

report, we are assured that at any rate a portion of the crews—a forlorn hope, in short—reached the entrance of the Fish River, and that too with a boat. The description of this party, given from reports collected by Dr. Rae in 1854, is confirmed by Captain M'Clintock's information; and the Esquimaux of Repulse Bay, Boothia Felix, and King William's Land, all agree in the account of the eventual death by starvation of every soul in this advanced party. Who they were that thus survived to see that summer of 1848 come in upon them, will perhaps never be known; but the Esquimaux description of the officer or chief who reached Montreal Island agrees with the appearance of Captain Fitzjames, whilst the fact of a piece of wood being found on Montreal Island with the name of Dr. Stanley carved upon it, and a fragment of an under-flannel, marked with the initials of Charles Des Vœux, point to two more individuals, whose well-known vigor of constitution renders it probable that they survived many of their more weakly comrades. We need not dwell longer on this painfully touching subject; it would be profanation to attempt to picture the last hour of these gallant martyrs to their country's fame—it only remains for us to thank Providence that, owing to the persevering self-sacrifice of Lady Franklin, and the devotion and zeal of M'Clintock and his worthy comrades, the memory of the Franklin Expedition will ever be associated with their great achievement, the first discovery of the North-West Passage; for on the day that Cape Herschel was reached by Franklin's sledge-parties and that probably as early as on the occasion of Commander Gore's journey in 1847, the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans were connected; and we have little doubt that Sir John Franklin died knowing that the great work to which he had devoted so many years of his life was accomplished.

With all this information carefully collected, and after having searched in a triple examination every nook and bay of the western coast of King William Land, M'Clintock and his comrade Hobson loaded their sledges with relics of the lost ones, and hastened back to the "Fox," just in time to avoid being cut off by the summer thaws. Success in the search was followed by good fortune in the escape of the "Fox" from Bellot Strait, and subsequent voyage to England, where our stout little band of navigators arrived in

September last, to be hailed, as they deserved, with the heartfelt congratulations of all classes of their countrymen—congratulations which have re-echoed from across the Atlantic, where many a warm heart and generous purse have for long years labored with sympathy and energy in the search for Franklin.

The sovereign, whose navy Captain M'Clintock adorns, has gracefully added to his laurels, by granting him sea-time for every day he commanded the "Fox," as if it had been one of her own war-ships—an act of grace and courtesy only conceded on rare and extraordinary occasions; and the Lords Commissioners of the admiralty, in the official letter informing the gallant officer of this royal act of approbation, gracefully add, that it was in "consideration of the important services performed by you, in bringing home the *only authentic intelligence* of the death of Sir John Franklin, and of the fate of the crews of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror'"—an official acknowledgment which we have reason to know gives the captain and officers of the "Fox" a legal claim upon a very handsome parliamentary reward of £10,000.

In taking leave of this pleasing narrative, we must call attention to the valuable paper entitled *Geological Account of the Arctic Archipelago*, by Professor S. Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin. In it will be found not only a lucid summary of the results of Cap-

tain M'Clintock's scientific labors as a geologist, but a geological map, the first that has been drawn, of the arctic regions, in which we see at a glance the formation of that little-known quarter of the globe, and the relative position of its coal-beds and fossils. The learned professor has discovered in some fossil fragments brought to England, indubitable proof of the existence of *Ichthyosauri* in the lias of the Parry group; and apart from a very different climatic condition such fossils would indicate, he expresses an opinion, substantiated by many interesting facts, "that these arctic lands have been submerged, but that this submergence must have been anterior to the period when pine forests clothed the low sandy shores of the slowly emerging islands, the remains of which forests now occupy a position at least one thousand feet above high water-mark." And we may add, that it has been a long time since a work of travel has appeared in England so lavishly illustrated with beautiful woodcuts; and in this case their truthfulness is vouched for by the talented artist being an officer in the navy—Commander Walter May—who has largely shared in arctic enterprise, and witnessed scenes very similar to those he has so graphically depicted. As a mere arctic album, the narrative of the "Fox" will be valuable to those who may not be interested in moving tales of adventure by ship and sledge in the frozen north.

MACAULAY'S ANSWER TO THE CHARGE OF OPIUM-EATING.—The following is a copy of a letter written by Macaulay, the historian, in relation to a story which had been circulated in the newspapers that he was an opium-eater. The original letter, in Macaulay's handwriting, is in the possession of Mr. James L. Graham, Jr., of New York, forming part of his collection of autographs. It should have as wide a circulation as the rumor which it contradicts:—

"Albany, London, October 14, 1853.

"SIR,—I am obliged and at the same time diverted by your kind solicitude. I assure you that you need not be uneasy. The story which is going the rounds of your papers is an impudent lie, without the slightest shadow of a foundation. All the opium that I have swallowed in a life of fifty-three years does not amount to ten grains. I affirm, on my honor, that I never took even a drop of laudanum, except in obedience to medical authority; and the last time that

I took any, to the best of my remembrance, was when the cholera was here in 1849.

"My health, it is true, is delicate. I am very well at present. But, with the cold weather my maladies will probably come back. My chest suffers most from the winter air. But everybody who knows me, knows that my faculties and spirits have never flagged, and that, in spite of indisposition, I lead a most happy life. I cannot help feeling some indignation at the villany of the low-minded and bad-hearted man who could send such a calumny across the Atlantic. However, my indignation has already cooled into contempt, or nearly so. I will venture to say that the writer of the letter in which this falsehood appeared never approached even the outskirts of the society in which I live, or he would have made his fiction a little more probable.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,  
T. B. MACAULAY."

## THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, papa, I am not crying  
for pain,

Do not mind my shaking, papa, I am not shak-  
ing with fear.

Tho' the wild wind is hideous to hear,  
And I see the snow and the rain,  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, papa?

Somebody else that you love, papa,  
Somebody else that you dearly love  
Is weary, like me, because you're away.  
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,  
And I seem to know what they are going to  
say;

And every day, and all the long day,  
I long to cry, "O mamma, mamma!  
When will papa come back again?"  
But before I can say it I see the pain  
Creeping up on her white, white cheek,  
As the sweet, sad sunshine creeps up the white  
wall,

And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;  
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,  
As the sad, sweet sunshine goes from the wall.  
Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall,  
That I might throw my arms around her neck  
And say, "Dear mamma, oh, what is it all  
That I see, and see, and do not see,  
In your white face all the live-long day?"  
But she hides her grief from a child like me.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, papa?

Where were you going, papa, papa?  
All this long while have you been on the sea?  
When she looks as if she saw far away,  
Is she thinking of you, and what does she see?  
Are the white sails blowing,  
And the blue men rowing,  
And are you standing on the high deck  
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew gray,  
And we watched and watched till the ship was  
a speck,  
And the dark came first to you, far away?  
I wish I could see what she can see,  
But she hides her grief from a child like me.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, papa?

Don't you remember, papa, papa,  
How we used to sit by the fire all three,  
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,  
And heard the winter winds roar down the  
street,  
And knock like men at the window pane?  
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more  
sweet

To be warm and warm as we used to be,  
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire;  
Why does she sit far away in the cold?  
If I had but somebody wise and old,  
That every day I might cry and say,  
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?  
Was she always as white as she is to-day?  
Did she never carry her head up higher?"

Papa, papa, if I could but know!  
Do you think her voice was always so low?  
Did I always see what I seem to see  
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?  
You used to say her hair it was gold—  
It looks like silver to me.  
But still she tells the same tales that she told,  
She sings the same songs when I sit on her  
knee,

And the house goes on as it went long ago,  
When we lived together, all three.  
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, papa,  
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.  
Is she changed, do you think, papa,  
Or did I dream she was brighter before?  
She makes me remember my snowdrop, papa,  
That I forgot in thinking of you,  
The sweetest snowdrop that ever I knew!  
But I put it out of the sun and the rain;  
It was green and white when I put it away,  
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four;  
It was green and white when I found it that  
day,

It had one pale bell and green leaves four,  
But I was not glad of it any more.  
Was it changed do you think, papa,  
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, papa,  
I am not crying for pain.  
Do not mind my shaking, papa,  
I am not shaking for fear  
Tho' the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear,  
And I see the snow and the rain.  
When will you come back again,  
Papa, papa?

SIDNEY DOBELL.

## DREAM-LIFE.

LISTEN, friend, and I will tell you  
Why I sometimes seem so glad,  
Then without a reason changing,  
Soon became so grave and sad.

Half my life I live a beggar,  
Ragged, helpless, and alone;  
But the other half a monarch,  
With my courtiers round my throne.

Half my life is full of sorrow,  
Half of joy, still fresh and new;  
One of these lives is a fancy,  
But the other one is true.

While I live and feast on gladness,  
Still I feel the thought remain;  
This must soon end—nearer, nearer  
Comes the life of grief and pain.

While I live a wretched beggar,  
One bright hope my lot can cheer:  
Soon, soon, thou shalt have thy kingdom,  
The bright hour is drawing near.

So you see my life is twofold:  
Half a pleasure, half a grief,  
Thus all joy is somewhat tempered,  
And all sorrow finds relief.

Which, you ask me, is the real life?  
Which the dream, the joy or woe?  
Hush, friend! it is little matter,  
And, indeed, I never know.

- All The Year Round.